THE CHANGELING:

As it was Acted (with great Applauſe) by the Servants of His Royal Highneſs the Duke of *York*, at the Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn* Fields.

T. Middleton.

LONDON,

Printed for *A. M.* and ſold by *Thomas Dring*, at the *White Lyon*, over againſt the Inner *Temple-Gate* in *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1668.

Where you may be Furniſh'd with moſt ſorts of *Plays*.

Drammatis Perſonæ.

Vermandero,	*Father to* Beatrice.
Tomazo de Piracquo,	*A Noble Lord.*
Alonzo de Piracquo,	*His brother, Suitor to* Beatrice.
Alſemero,	*A Nobleman, afterwards married to* Beatrice.
Jaſperino,	*His Friend.*
Alibius,	*A jealous Doctor.*
Lollio,	*His man.*
Pedro,	*Friend to* Antonio.
Antonio,	*The Changeling.*
Franciſcus,	*The Counterfeit Mad-man.*
Deflores,	*Servant to* Vermandero.
Mad-men.	
Servants.	
Beatrice,	*Daughter to* Vermandero.
Diaphanta,	*Her waiting-woman.*
Iſabella,	*Wife to* Alibius.

The Scene *Allegant.*

The Hiſtory of *Barbados*, St. *Chriſtophers*, *Mevis*, &c. with a Deſcription of the reſt of the Iſlands, and Plantations in the *Weſt-Indies*, Conquered, and now Inhabited by the *Engliſh*, adorn'd with Sculps, in Folio, lately Printed.

The Changeling.

Actus Primus.

Enter Alſemero.

'Twas in the Temple where I firſt beheld her,
And now agen the ſame, what *Omen* yet
Follows of that? None but imaginary,
Why ſhould my hopes or fate be timerous?
The place is holy, ſo is my intent:
I love her beauties to the holy purpoſe,
And that (me thinks) admits comparifon
With mans firſt creation, the place bleſt
And is his right home back (if he atchieve it.)
The Church hath firſt begun our interview
And that's the place muſt joyn us into one,
So there's beginning and perfection too.

Enter Jaſperino.

Jaſp. O Sir, are you here? Come, the wind's fair with you,
Y'are like to have a ſwift and pleaſant paſſage.
Alſ. Sure y'are deceived friend, 'tis contrary
In my beſt judgement.
Jaſ. What for *Malta*?
If you could buy a gale amongſt the Witches,
They could not ſerve you ſuch a lucky penyworth

As comes a Gods Name.

Alſ. Even now I obſerv'd
The temples Vane to turn full in my face,
I know 'tis againſt me.

Jaſ. Againſt you?
Then you know not where you are.

Alſ. Not well indeed

Jaſ. Are you not well ſir?

Alſ. Yes, *Jaſperino.*
Unleſs there be ſome hidden malady
Within me, that I underſtand not.

Jaſ. And that
I begin to doubt ſir, I never knew
Your inclinations to travels at a pauſe
With any cauſe to hinder it till now.
Aſhore you were wont to call your ſervants up,
And help to trap your Horſes for the ſpeed.
At ſea I have ſeen you weigh the anchor with 'em,
Hoyſt ſails for fear to loſe the formoſt breath,
Be in continuall prayers for fair winds,
And have you chang'd your orizons?

Alſ. No, friend,
I keep the ſame church, ſame devotion.

Jaſ. Lover I'm ſure y'are none, the Stoick
Was found in you long agoe, your mother
Nor beſt friends, who have ſet ſnares of beauty,
Land choyce ones too, could never trap you that way
What might be the cauſe?

Alſ. Lord, how violent,
Thou art; I was but meditating of
Somewhat I heard within the temple.

Jaſ. Is this violence? 'tis but idleneſs
Compar'd with your haſt yeſterday.

Alſ. I'm all this while a going, man. *Enter Servants.*

Jaſ. Backwards, I think, ſir. Look your ſervants.

1 *Serv.* The ſea-men call, ſhall we Boord your trunks?

Alſ. No, not to day.

Jaſ. Tis the criticall day,
It ſeems, and the ſigne in *Aquarius.*

2 *Ser.* We muſt not to ſea to day, this ſmoke will bring forth fire.

Alſ.

Alſ. Keep all on ſhore, I doe not know the end
(Which needs I muſt do) of an affair in hand
Ere I can go to ſea.

1 *Serv.* Well, your pleaſure. (*Serv.*

2 *Ser.* Let him e'n take his leaſure too, we are ſafer on land. *Exeunt*

Enter Beatrice, Diaphanta, and Servants, Joanna.

Jaſp. How now! The Laws of the *Medes* are chang'd ſure, ſalute a woman, he kiſſes too: wonderfull! where learnt he this? & does it perfectly too; in my conſcience he nere rehearſt it before. Nay, goe on, this will be ſtranger and better news at *Valentia*, then if he had ranſom'd half *Greece* from the *Turk*.

Bea. You are a Scholar, ſir.

Alſ. A weak one, Lady.

Bea. Which of the Sciences is this love you ſpeak of?

Alſ. From your tongue I take it to be muſick.

Bea. You are skilfull in't, can ſing at firſt ſight.

Alſ. And I have ſhew'd you all my skil at once.
I want more words to expreſs me further,
And muſt be forc'd to repetition:
I love you dearly.

Bea. Be better advis'd, ſir:
Our eyes are Centinels unto our judgements,
And ſhould give certain judgement what they ſee;
But they are raſh ſometimes, and tell us wonders
Of common things, which when our judgements find,
They can then check the eyes, and cal them blind.

Alſ. But I am further, Lady; yeſterday
Was mine eyes imployment, and hither now
They brought my judgement, where are both agreed.
Both Houſes then conſenting, 'tis agreed,
Onely there wants the confirmation
By the hand Royall, that's your part, Lady.

Bea. Oh there's one above me, ſir, for five dayes paſt
To be recal'd; ſure, mine eyes were miſtaken,
This was the man was meant me, that he ſhould come
So neer his time, and miſs it.

Jaſ. We might have come by the Carriers from *Valentia*, I ſee and ſav'd all our ſea-proviſion: we are at fartheſt ſure, methinks I ſhould doe ſomething too, I meant to be a venturer in this voyage. Yonder's another Veſſell, I'le board her, if ſhe be lawfull prize, down goes her top-ſail.

Enter Deflores.

Def. Lady, your father.

Bea. Is in health, I hope.

Def. Your eye shall instantly instruct you, Lady.
He's coming hitherward.

Bea. What needed then
Your dutious preface? I had rather
He had come unexpected, you must stall
A good presence with unnecessary blabbing:
And how welcome for your part you are,
I'm sure you know.

Def. Wilt never mend this scorn
One side nor other? Must I be enjoyn'd
To follow still whilst she flies from me? Well,
Fates do your worst, I'le please my self with sight
Of her, at all opportunities,
If but to spite her anger, I know she had
Rather see me dead then living, and yet
She knows no cause for't, but a peevish will.

Alf. You seem'd displeas'd Lady on the sudden.

Bea. Your pardon Sir, 'tis my infirmity,
Nor can I other reason render you,
Then his or hers, or some particular thing
They must abandon as a deadly poyson,
Which to a thousand other casts were wholsome,
Such to mine eyes is that same fellow there,
The same that report speaks of the Basilisk.

Alf. This is a frequent frailty in our nature,
There's scarce a man amongst a thousand found,
But hath his imperfection: one distastes
The sent of Roses, which to infinites
Most pleasing is, and odoriferous.
One oyle, the enemy of poyson,
Another Wine, the cheerer of the heart,
And lively refresher of the countenance.
Indeed this fault (if so it be) is generall,
There's scarce a thing but is both lov'd and loath'd,
My self (I must confesse) have the same frailty.

Bea. And what may be your poyson sir? I am bold with you.

Alf. And what might be your delite perhaps, a cherry.

Bea.

Bea. I am no enemy to any creature
My memory has, but yon' Gentleman.
Alſ. He does ill to tempt your ſight if he knew it.
Bea. He cannot be ignorant of that Sir,
I have not ſpar'd to tell him ſo, and I want
To help my ſelf, ſince he's a Gentleman
In good reſpect with my father, and follows him.
Alſ. He's out of his place then now.
Jaſ. I am a mad Wag, wench.
Dia. So me thinks; but for your comfort I can tell you, we have a Doctor in the Citie that undertakes the cure of ſuch.
Jaſ. Tuſh, I know what Phyſick is beſt for the ſtate of mine own body.
Dia. 'Tis ſcarce a well govern'd ſtate, I beleeve.
Jaſ. I could ſhew thee ſuch a thing with an Ingredian that we two would compound together, and if it did not tame the maddeſt blood i'th town for two hours after, Ile neer profeſs Phyſick agen.
Dia. A little poppy Sir, were good to cauſe you ſleep.
Jaſ. Poppy; I'le give thee a pop i'th lips for that firſt, and begin there: Poppy is one ſimple indeed, and Cuckow (what you call't) another: I'le diſcover no more now, another time I'le ſhew thee all.
Bea. My Father, Sir. *Enter Vermandero and Servants.*
Ver. Oh *Joanna*, I came to meet thee, your devotion's ended.
Bea. For this time, Sir,
I ſhall change my Saint, I fear me, I find
A giddy turning in me; Sir, this while
I am beholding to this Gentleman
Who left his own way to keep me company,
And in diſcourſe I find him much deſirous
To ſee your caſtle: He hath deſerv'd it, Sir,
If ye pleaſe to grant it.
Ver. With all my heart, Sir.
Yet ther's an article between, I muſt know
Your countrey; we uſe not to give ſurvey
Of our chief ſtrengths to ſtrangers, our citadels
Are plac'd conſpicuous to outward view,
On Promonts tops; but within are ſecrets.
Alſ. A *Valentian*, Sir.
Ver. A *Valentian*,
That's native, Sir; of what name, I beſeech you?

Alſ.

Alſ. *Alſemero*, Sir.
Ver. *Alſemero*; not the ſon of *John de Alſemero*?
Alſ. The ſame Sir.
Ver. My beſt love bids you welcome.
Bea. He was wont to call me ſo, and then he ſpeaks
A moſt unfeigned truth.
Ver. Oh Sir, I knew your father,
We two were in acquaintance long agoe
Before our chins were worth Julan Down,
And ſo continued till the ſtamp of time
Had coin'd us into ſilver: Well, he's gone,
A good Souldier went with him.
Alſ. You went together in that, Sir.
Ver. No by Saint *Jaques*, I came behind him.
Yet I have done ſomewhat too, an unhappy day
Swallowed him at laſt at *Gibralter*
In fight with thoſe rebellious *Hollanders*,
Was it not ſo?
Alſ. Whoſe death I had reveng'd,
Or followed him in Fate, had not the late League
Prevented me.
Ver. I, I, 'twas time to breath:
Oh *Joanna*, I ſhould ha told thee news,
I ſaw *Piracquo* lately.
Bea. That's ill news.
Ver. He's hot preparing for this day of triumph,
Thou muſt be a Bride within this ſevenight.
Alſ. Ha!
Bea. Nay good Sir, be not ſo violent, with ſpeed
I cannot render ſatisfaction
Unto the dear companion of my ſoule,
Virginity (whom I thus long have liv'd with)
And part with it ſo rude and ſuddenly,
Can ſuch friends divide never to meet agen,
Without a ſolemne farewell?
Ver. Tuſh, tuſh, there's a toy.
Alſ. I muſt now part, and never meet agen
With any joy on earth; Sir, your pardon,
My affairs call on me.
Ver. How Sir? by no means,

Not chang'd ſo ſoon, I hope, you muſt ſee my caſtle;
And her beſt entertainment ere we part,
I ſhall think my ſelf unkindly us'd elſe.
Come, come, let's on, I had good hope your ſtay
Had been a while with us in Alligant;
I might have bid you to my daughters wedding.
Alſ. He means to feaſt me, & poyſons me before hand,
I ſhould be dearly glad to be there, ſir,
Did my occaſions ſuit as I could wiſh.
Bea. I ſhall be ſorry if you be not there
When it is done ſir, but not ſo ſuddenly.
Ver. I tell you, ſir, the Gentleman's compleat,
A Courtier and a Gallant, enricht
With many fair and noble ornaments,
I would not change him for a ſon-in-law,
For any he in *Spain*, the proudeſt he,
And we have great ones, that you know.
Alſ. He's much bound to you, ſir.
Ver. He ſhall be bound to me,
As faſt as this tie can hold him, Il'e want my will elſe.
Bea. I ſhal want mine if you do it.
Ver. But come, by the way, I'le tell you more of him:
Alſ. How ſhall I dare to venture in his caſtle,
When he diſcharges murderers at the gate?
But I muſt on, for back I cannot goe.
Bea. Not this Serpent gone yet?
Ver. Look Girle, thy glove's faln,
Stay, ſtay, *Deflores* help a little.
Def. Here, Lady.
Bea. Miſchief on your officious forwardneſs,
Who bade you ſtoop? they touch my hand no more:
There, for t'others ſake I part with this,
Take 'um and draw thine own skin off with 'um. *Exeunt*
Def. Here's a favour come, with a miſchief: Now
I know ſhe had rather wear my pelt tan'd
In a pair of dancing pumps, then I ſhould thruſt my fingers
Into her ſockets here I know ſhe hates me,
Yet cannot chuſe but love her:
No matter, if but to vex her, I'le haunt her ſtill,
Though I get nothing elſe, Il'e have my will. *Exit.*

Entr

Enter Alibius and Lollio.

Alib. *Lollio*, I muſt truſt thee with a ſecret,
But thou muſt keep it.

Lol. I was ever cloſe to a ſecret, Sir.

Alib. The diligence that I have found in thee,
The care and induſtry already paſt,
Aſſures me of thy good continuance.
Lollio, I have a wife.

Lol. Fie ſir, 'tis too late to keep her ſecret, ſhe's known to be married all the town and countrey over.

Alib. Thou goeſt too faſt my *Lollio*, that knowledge
I allow no man can be bar'd it;
But there is a knowledge which is neerer,
Deeper and ſweeter, *Lollio*.

Lol. Well ſir, let us handle that between you and I.

Alib. 'Tis that I go about man; *Lollio*,
My wife is young,

Lol. So much the worſe to be kept ſecret, ſir.

Alib. Why now thou meet'ſt the ſubſtance of the point,
I am old, *Lollio*.

Lol. No ſir, 'tis I am old *Lollio*.

Alib. Yet why may not this concord and ſympathize?
Old trees and young plants often grow together,
Well enough agreeing.

Lol. I ſir, but the old trees raiſe themſelves higher and broader then the young plants.

Alib. Shrewd application: there's the fear man,
I would wear my ring on my own finger;
Whilſt it is borrowed it is none of mine,
But his that uſeth it.

Lol. You muſt keep it on ſtill then, if it but lye by,
One or other wil be thruſting into't.

Alib. Thou conceiv'ſt me *Lollio*; here thy watchful eye
Muſt have imployment; I cannot alwayes be at home.

Lol. I dare ſwear you cannot.

Alib. I muſt look out.

Lol. I know't, you muſt look out, 'tis every mans caſe.

Alib. Here I doe ſay muſt thy imployment be.
To watch her treadings, and in my abſence
Supply my place.

Lol.

Lol. I'le do my beſt, Sir, yet ſurely I cannot ſee who you ſhould have cauſe to be jealous of.

Alib. Thy reaſon for that *Lollio*, 'tis a comfortable queſtion.

Lol. We have but two ſorts of people in the houſe, and both under the whip, that's fools and mad-men; the one has not wit enough to be knaves, and the other not knavery enough to be fools.

Alib. I thoſe are all my Patients, *Lollio*.
I do profeſs the cure of either ſort:
My trade, my living 'tis, I thrive by it;
But here's the care that mixes with my thrift,
The daily Viſitants, that come to ſee
My brainſick Patients, I would not have
To ſee my wife: Gallants I do obſerve
Of quick entiſing eyes, rich in habits,
Of ſtature and proportion very comely:
Theſe are moſt ſhrewd temptations, *Lollio*.

Lol. They may be eaſily anſwered, Sir, if they come to ſee the Fools and Mad-men, you and I may ſerve the turn, and let my Miſtreſs alone, ſhe's of neither ſort.

Alib. 'Tis a good ward, indeed come they to ſee
Our Mad-men or our Fools, let 'um ſee no more
Then what they come for; by that conſequent
They muſt not ſee her, I'm ſure ſhe's no fool.

Lol. And I'm ſure ſhe's no mad-man.

Alib. Hold that Buckler faſt, *Lollio* my truſt
Is on thee, and I account it firm and ſtrong.
What hour is't *Lollio*?

Lol. Towards belly hour Sir.

Alib. Dinner time, thou mean'ſt twelve a clock.

Lol. Yes Sir, for every part has his hour, we wake at ſix and look about us, that's eye-hour; at ſeven we ſhould pray, thats knee-hour; at eight walk, that's leg hour; at nine gather flowers, and pluck a Roſe, that's noſe-hour; at ten we drink, that's mouth hour; at eleven lay about us for victuals, that's hand hour; at twelve go to dinner, that's belly hour.

Alib. Profoundly, *Lollio* it wil be long
Ere all thy Scholars learn this Leſſon, and
I did look to have a new one entred---ſtay
I think my expectation is come home.

Enter Pedro and Antonio like an Idiot.

Ped. Save you ſir, my buſineſs ſpeaks it ſelf,
This ſight takes off the labour of my tongue.

Alib. I, I Sir, 'tis plain enough, you mean him for my patient.

Ped. And if your pains prove but commodious,
To give but ſome little ſtrength to his ſick
And weak part of Nature in him, theſe are
But patterns to ſhew you of the whole pieces
That will follow to you, beſide the charge
Of diet, waſhing, and other neceſſaries
Fully defrayed.

Alib. Believe it, ſir, there ſhall no care be wanting.

Lol. Sir, an officer in this place may deſerve ſomthing,
The trouble will paſs through my hands.

Ped. 'Tis fit ſomething ſhould come to your hands then, ſir.

Lol. Yes, ſir, 'tis I muſt keep him ſweet, and read to him, what is his name.

Ped. His name is *Antonio*, marry we uſe but half
To him, onely *Tonie*.

Lol. *Tonie*, *Tonie*, 'tis enough, and a very good name for a fool, what's your name *Tonie*?

Ant. He, he he, well I thank you couſin, he he, he.

Lol. Good Boy hold up your head: he can laugh, I perceive by that he is no beaſt.

Ped. Well ſir, if you can raiſe him but to any height,
Any degree of wit, might he attain
(As I might ſay) to creep but on all four,
Towards the chair of wit, or walk on crutches;
'Twould add an honour to your worthy pains,
And a great family might pray for you,
To which he ſhould be heire, had he diſcretion
To claim and guide his own; aſſure you ſir,
He is a Gentleman.

Lol. Nay, there's no body doubted that, at firſt ſight I knew him for a Gentleman, he looks no other yet.

Ped. Let him have good attendance and ſweet lodging.

Lol As good as my Miſtreſs lies in ſir, and as you allow us time and means, we can raiſe him to the higher degree of diſcretion.

Ped. Nay, there ſhall no coſt want ſir.

Lol. He will hardly be ſtretcht up to the wit of a *Magnifico*.

Ped.

Ped. Oh no, that's not to be expected, far ſhorter
Will be enough.

Lol. Ile warrant you make him fit to bear office in five weeks, I'le undertake to wind him up to the wit of Conſtable.

Ped. If it be lower then that it might ſerve turn.

Lol. No fie, to levell him with a Headborough, Beadle, or Watchman, were but little better then he is; Conſtable I'le able him: if he do come to be a Juſtice afterwards, let him thank the Keeper. Or I'le go further with you, ſay I do bring him up to my own pitch, ſay I make him as wiſe as my ſelf.

Ped. Why there I would have it.

Lol. Well, go to, either I'le be as errant a fool as he, or he ſhall be as wiſe as I, and then I think twill ſerve his turn.

Ped. Nay, I doe like thy wit paſſing well.

Lol. Yes, you may, yet if I had not been a fool, I had had more wit then I have too remember what ſtate you find me in.

Ped. I wil, and ſo leave you: your beſt cares I beſeech you. *Ex. Ped.*

Alib. Take you none with you, leave 'um all with us.

Ant. Oh my couſins gone, couſin, couſin, oh.

Lol. Peace, Peace *Tony*, you muſt not cry child, you muſt be whipt if you do, your couſin is here ſtill, I am your couſin, *Tony*.

Ant. He he, then I le not cry, if thou bee'ſt my couſin, he, he, he.

Lol. I were beſt try his wit a little, that I may know what Form to place him in.

Alib. I, doe *Lollio*, doe.

Lol. I muſt ask him eaſie queſtions at firſt; *Tony*, how many true fingers has a Taylor on his right hand?

Ant. As many as on his left, couſin.

Lol. Good, and how many on both?

Ant. Two leſs then a Dewce, couſin.

Lol. Very well anſwered; I come to you agen, couſin *Tony*, How many fools goes to a wiſe man?

Ant. Fourty in a day ſometimes, couſin.

Lol. Fourty in a day? How prove you that?

Ant. All that fall out amongſt themſelves, and go to a Lawyer to be made friends.

Lol. A parlous fool, he muſt ſit in the fourth Form at leaſt, I perceive that: I come again *Tony*, How many knaves make an honeſt man?

Ant. I know not that couſin.

Lol. No, the queſtion is too hard for you: I'le tell you couſin, there's three knaves may make an honeſt man, a Sergeant, a Jaylor, and a Beadle; the Sergeant catches him, the Jaylor holds him, and the Beadle laſhes him; and if he be not honeſt then, the Hangman muſt cure him.

Ant. Ha,ha,ha, that's fine ſport couſin.

Alib. This was too deep a queſtion for the fool *Lollio.*

Lol. Yes, this might have ſerv'd your ſelf, tho I ſay't;
Once more,and you ſhall goe play *Tenie.*

Ant. I,play at puſt-pin couſin, ha,he.

Lol. So thou ſhalt, ſay how many fools are here.

Ant. Two, couſin, thou and I.

Lol. Nay, y'are too forward there, *Tonie* mark my queſtion, how many fools and knaves are here? a fool before a knave, a fool behind a knave, between every two fools a knave, how many fools,how many knaves?

Ant. I never learnt ſo far couſin.

Alib. Thou putſt too hard queſtions to him, *Lollio.*

Lol. I'le make him underſtand it eaſily; couſin ſtand there.

Ant. I couſin.

Lol. Maſter, ſtand you next the fool.

Alib. Well, *Lollio.*

Lol. Here's my place: mark now *Tonie*, there a fool before a knave.

Ant. That's I couſin.

Lol. Here's a fool behind a knave,that's I,and between us two fools there is a knave,that's my Maſter, 'tis but we three,that's all.

Ant. We three, we three, couſin. *Mad-men within.*

1 *Within.* Put's head i'th pillory, the breads too little.

2 *Within.* Fly,fly, and he catches the ſwallow.

3 *Within.* Give her more onion, or the Divell put the rope about her cragg.

Lol. You may hear what time of day it is, the Chimes of Bedlam goes.

Alib. Peace,peace,or the wyer comes.

3 *within.* Cat whore,Cat whore,her permaſant,her permaſant.

Alib. Peace,I ſay,their hour's come,they muſt be fed,*Lollio.*

Lol. Theres no hope of recovery of that Welſh mad-man,
Was undone by a Mouſe,that ſpoild him a Permaſant,
Loſt his wits for't.

Alib. Go to your charge, *Lollio*, I'le to mine.

Lol.

Lol. Goe you to your mad-mens Ward, let me alone with your fools.

Alib. Aud remember my laſt charge, *Lollio*. *Exit.*

Lol. Of which your Patients do you think I am? Come *Tonie* you muſt amongſt your School-fellows now, there's pretty Scholars amongſt 'um, I can tell you there's ſome of 'em at *ſtultus, ſtulta, ſtultum.*

Ant. I would ſee the mad-men, couſin, if they would not bite me.

Lol. No, they ſhall not bite thee, *Tonie.*

Ant. They bite when they are at dinner, do they not cuz.

Lol. They bite at dinner indeed, *Tonie*; well, I hope to get credit by thee, I like thee the beſt of all the Scholars that ever I brought up, and thou ſhalt prove a wiſe man, or I'le prove a fool my ſelfe.

Exeunt.

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Enter Beatrice and Jaſperino ſeverally.

Bea. OH Sir, I'm ready now for that fair ſervice,
Which makes the name of friend ſit glorious on you.
Good Angels and this conduct be your guide,
Fitneſs of time and place is there ſet down, ſir.

Jaſ. The joy I ſhall return rewards my ſervice. *Exit.*

Bea. How wiſe is *Alſemero* in his friend?
It is a ſign he makes his choyce with judgement.
Then I appear in nothing more approv'd,
Then making choyce of him; for 'tis a Principle, He that can chuſe
That boſome well, who of his thoughts partakes,
Proves moſt diſcreet in every choyce he makes.
Me thinks I love now with the eyes of judgement.
And ſee the way to merit, clearly ſee it.
A true deſerver like a Diamond ſparkles,
In darkneſs you may ſee him, that's in abſence,
Which is the greateſt darkneſs falls on love,
Yet is he beſt diſcern'd then
With intellectuall eye-ſight; what's *Piracquo*
My Father ſpends his breath for, and his bleſſing

Is onely mine, as I regard his name,
Elſe it goes from me, and turns head againſt me,
Tranform'd into a Curſe; ſome ſpeedy way
Muſt be remembred, he's ſo forward too,
So urgent that way, ſcarce allows me breath
To ſpeak to my new comforts.

Enter Deflores.

Def. Yonders ſhe
What ever ails me, now a late eſpecially,
I can as well be hang'd as refrain ſeeing her;
Some twenty times aday, nay not ſo little,
Doe I force errands, frame wayes and excuſes
To come into her ſight, and I have ſmall reaſon for't,
And leſs incouragement; for ſhe baits me ſtill
Every time worſe then other, does profeſs herſelf
The cruelleſt enemy to my face, in town,
At no hand can abide the ſight of me,
As if danger, or ill luck hung in my looks.
I muſt confeſs my face is bad enough,
But I know far worſe has better fortune,
And not endur'd alone, but doted on,
And yet ſuch pickhaird faces, chins like Witches,
Here and there five hairs, whiſpering in a corner,
As if they grew in fear one of another.
Wrinkles like troughs, where ſwine deformity ſwils
The tears of perjury that lie there like waſh,
Fallen from the ſlimy and diſhoneſt eye,
Yet ſuch a one pluckt ſweets without reſtraint,
And has the grace of beauty to his ſweet,
Though my hard fate has thruſt me out to ſervitude,
I tumbled into th'world a Gentleman.
She turns her bleſſed eye upon me now,
And I'le indure all ſtorms before I part with't.

Bea. Agen — this ominous ill-fac'd fellow more diſturbs me,
Then all my other paſſions.

Def. Now't begins agen,
Ile ſtand this ſtorm of hail though the ſtones pelt me.

Bea. Thy buſineſs? What's thy buſineſs?

Def. Soft and fair, I cannot part ſo ſoon now.

Bea. The villain's fixt — Thou ſtanding toad-pool

Def.

Def. The ſhowre falls amain now.
Bea. Who ſent thee? What's thy errand? leave my ſight.
Def: My Lord your father charg'd me to deliver a meſſage to you.
Bea: What another ſince, do't and be hang'd then, let me be rid of (thee.
Def: True ſervice merits mercy.
Bea: What's thy meſſage?
Def: Let beauty ſettle but in patience, you ſhall hear all.
Bea: A dallying trifling torment.
Def: Signior *Alonzo de Piracquo* Lady, ſole brother to *Tomazo de* (*Piracquo.*
Bea: Slave, when wil't make an end?
Def: Too ſoon I ſhall.
Bea: What all this while of him?
Def: The ſaid *Alonzo*, with the foreſaid *Tomazo*:
Bea: Yet agen.
Def: Is new alighted.
Bea: Vengeance ſtrike the news,
Thou thing moſt loath'd, what cauſe was there in this
To bring thee to my ſight?
Def: My Lord your father charg'd me to ſeek you out.
Bea: Is there no other to ſend his errand by?
Def: It ſeems 'tis my luck to be i'th way ſtill.
Bea: Get thee from me.
Def. So — why am not I an Aſſe to deviſe wayes
Thus to be raild at? I muſt ſee her ſtill,
I ſhall have a mad qualm within this houre agen,
I know't, and like a Common Garden Bull,
I doe but take breath to be lug'd agen.
What this may bode I know not, I'le deſpair the leſs,
Becauſe ther's daily preſidents of bad faces
Belov'd beyond all reaſon; theſe foul chops
May come into favour one day 'mongſt his fellows:
Wrangling has prov'd the miſtreſs of good paſtime,
As children cry themſelves aſleep, I ha' ſeen
Women have chid themſelves abed to men. *Exit Def:*
Bea. I never ſee this fellow, but I think
Of ſome harm towards me, danger's in my mind ſtill,
I ſcarce leave trembling of an hour after.
The next good mood I find my father in,
I'le get him quite diſcarded: Oh I was
Loſt in this ſmall diſturbance and forgot

Afflictions fiercer torrent that now comes,
To beare down all my comforts.

Enter Vermandero, Alonzo, Tomazo.

Ver. Y'are both welcome,
But an especiall one belongs to you, sir,
To whose most noble name our love presents
The addition of a son, our son *Alonzo*.

Alon. The treasury of honor cannot bring forth
A Title I should more rejoyce in, sir.

Ver. You have improv'd it well; daughter prepare,
The day will steal upon thee suddenly.

Bea. How e're, I will be sure to keep the night,
If it should come so neer me.

Tom. Alonzo.

Alon. Brother.

Tom. In troth I see small welcome in her eye.

Alon. Fie, you are too severe a censurer
Of love in all points, there's no bringing on you
If Lovers should mark every thing a fault,
Affection would be like an ill set book,
Whose faults might prove as big as half the volume.

Bea. That's all I do intreat.

Ver. It is but reasonable,
I'le see what my son sayes too't: Son *Alonzo*,
Here's a motion made but to reprieve
A Maidenhead three dayes longer; the request
Is not far out of reason, for indeed,
The former time is pinching.

Alon. Though my joyes
Be set back so much time as I could wish
They had been forward, yet since she desires it,
The time is set as pleasing as before,
I find no gladness wanting.

Ver. May I ever meet it in that poynt still:
Y'are nobly welcome, sirs. *Exeunt. Ver. and Bea.*

Tom. So, did you mark the dulness of her parting now?

Alon. What dulness? Thou art so exceptious still.

Tom. Why let it goe then I am but a fool
To mark your harms so heedfully.

Alon. Where's the oversight?

Tom. Come, your faith's couſened in her, ſtrongly couſened,
Unſettle your affection with all ſpeed,
Wiſdome can bring it too, your peace is ruin'd elſe.
Think what a torment 'tis to marry one
Whoſe heart is leapt into anothers boſome:
If ever pleaſure ſhe receive from thee,
It comes not in thy name, or of thy gift,
She lies but with another in thine arms,
He the half father unto all thy children
In the conception, if he get 'em not,
She helps to get 'em for him, in his paſſions, and how dangerous
And ſhamefull her reſtraint may goe in time to,
It is not to be thought on without ſufferings.

Alon. You ſpeak as if ſhe lov'd ſome other then.

Tom. Do you apprehend ſo ſlowly?

Alon. Nay, and that be your fear onely, I am ſafe enough,
Preſerve your friendſhip and your counſel brother,
For times of more diſtreſs, I ſhould depart
An enemy, a dangerous, deadly one
To any but thy ſelf, that ſhould but think
She knew the meaning of inconſtancy,
Much leſs the uſe and practice; yet w'are friends,
Pray let no more be urg'd, I can endure
Much, till I meet an injury to her,
Then I am not my ſelf. Farewell ſweet brother,
How much w'are bound to heaven to depart lovingly: *Exit.*

Tom. Why here is loves tame madneſs, thus a man
Quickly ſteals into his vexation. *Exit.*

Enter Diaphanta and Alſemero

Dia. The place is my charge, you have kept your hour,
And the reward of a juſt meeting bleſs you.
I hear my Lady coming; compleat Gentleman,
I dare not be too buſie with my praiſes,
Th'are dangerous things to deal with. *Exit:*

Alſ. This goes well, theſe women are the Ladies Cabinets,
Things of moſt pretious truſt are lock into 'em.

Enter Beatrice.

Bea. I have within mine eye, all my deſires,
Requeſts that holy prayers aſcend heaven for
And brings 'em down to furniſh our defects,

Come not more ſweet to our neceſſities,
Then thou unto my wiſhes.

Alſ. W are ſo like in our expreſſions, Lady, that unleſs I borrow
The ſame words, I ſhall never find their equals.

Bea. How happy were this meeting, this embrace,
If it were free from envy? This poor kiſs
It has an enemy, a hatefull one,
That wiſhes poyſon to't: how well were I now
If there were none ſuch name known as *Piracquo*?
Nor no ſuch tye as the command of Parents,
I ſhould be but too much bleſſed.

Alſ. One good ſervice
Would ſtrike off both your fears, and I'le go neer it too,
Since you are ſo diſtreſt, remove the cauſe
The command ceaſes, ſo there's two fears blown out
With one and the ſame blaſt.

Bea. Pray let me find you ſir. What might that ſervice be ſo ſtrangely happy?

Alſ. The honorableſt peece 'bout man, Valour.
I'le ſend a challenge to *Piracquo* inſtantly.

Bea. How? Call you that extinguiſhing of fear
When 'tis the onely way to keep it flaming?
Are not you ventured in the action,
That's all my joyes and comforts? Pray no more, ſir.
Say you prevaild, your dangers and not mine then
The law would claim you from me, or obſcurity
Be made the grave to bury you alive.
I'me glad theſe thoughts come forth, O keep not one
Of this condition ſir; here was a courſe
Found to bring ſorrow on her way to death:
The tears would n'ere a dried, till duſt had choak'd 'em.
Blood-guiltineſs becomes a fouler viſage,
And now I think on one —I was too blame,
I ha mar'd ſo good a market with my ſcorn;
'T had been done queſtionleſs, the uglieſt creature
Creation fram'd for ſome uſe, yet to ſee
I could not mark ſo much where it ſhould be.

Alſ. Lady.

Bea. Why men of Art make much of poyſon,
Keep one to expell another, where was my Art?

Alſ. Lady, you hear not me.

Bea. I do eſpecially ſir, the preſent times are not ſo ſure of our ſide
As thoſe hereafter may be, we muſt uſe 'em then
As thrifty folks their wealth, ſparingly, now till the time opens.

Alſ. You teach wiſdom, Lady.

Bea. Within there *Diaphanta.* *Enter Diaphanta.*

Dia. Do you call, Madam?

Bea. Perfect your ſervice, and conduct this Gentleman
The privat way you brought him.

Dia. I ſhall, Madam.

Alſ. My love's as firm as love e're built upon. *Ex. Dia. and Alſ.*

Enter Deflores.

Def. I have watcht this meeting, and doe wonder much
What ſhall become of t'other, I'me ſure both
Cannot be ſerv'd unleſs ſhe tranſgreſs; happily
Then I'le put in for one: for if a woman
Fly from one point, from him ſhe makes a husband,
She ſpreads and mounts then like Arithmetick,
1, 10, 100, 1000, 10000, proves in time Sutler to an Army Royall.
Now do I look to be moſt richly raild at,
Yet I muſt ſee her.

Bea. Why, put caſe I loath'd him
As much as youth and beauty hates a Sepulcher,
Muſt I needs ſhew it? Cannot I keep that ſecret,
And ſerve my turn upon him?--- ſee he's here--- *Deflores.*

Def. Ha, I ſhall run mad with joy,
She call'd me fairly by my name *Deflores*,
And neither Rogue nor Raſcall. (good Phyſitian,

Bea. What ha' you done to your face a-late? y'ave met with ſome
Y'ave prun'd your ſelf me thinks, you were not wont
To look ſo amorouſly.

Def. Not I, tis the ſame Phiſnomy to a hair and pimple,
Which ſhe call'd ſcurvy ſcarce an hour agoe: How is this?

Bea. Come hither, neerer man.

Def. I'me up to the chin in heaven.

Bea. Turn, let me ſee, vauh tis but the heat of the liver, I perceiv't.
I thought it had been worſe.

Def. Her fingers touch't me, ſhe ſmels all Amber.

Bea I'le make a water for you ſhall cleanſe this within a fortnight.

Def. With your own hands, Lady?

Bea: Yes, mine own ſir, in a work of cure, I'le truſt no other.
Def. 'Tis half an act of pleaſure to hear her talk thus to me.
Bea. When w'are us'd to a hard face, 'tis not ſo unpleaſing,
It mends ſtill in opinion, hourly mends, I ſee it by experience.
Def: I was bleſt to light upon this minute, I'le make uſe on't.
Bea: Hardneſs becomes the viſage of a man well,
It argues ſervice, reſolution, manhood, if cauſe were of imployment.
Def: 'Twould be ſoon ſeen, if e're your Ladiſhip had cauſe to uſe it.
I would but wiſh the honor of a ſervice ſo happy as that mounts to.
Bea: We ſhall try you — Oh my *Deflores*!
Def: How's that? She calls me hers already, my *Deflores*,
You were about to ſigh out ſomwhat, Madam.
Bea: No, was I? I forgot — Oh!
Def: There 'tis agen — the very fellow on't.
Bea. You are too quick, ſir.
Def. There's no excuſe for't, now I heard it twice, Madam,
That ſigh would fain have utterance, take pitty on't,
And lend it a free word, 'las how it labours
For liberty, I hear the murmure yet beat at your boſome.
Bea. Would Creation ——
Def: I well ſaid, that's it.
Bea. Had form'd me man,
Def. Nay, that's not it.
Bea. Oh 'tis the ſoul of freedom, I ſhould not then be forc'd to marry one
I hate beyond all depths, I ſhould have power
Then to oppoſe my loathings, nay remove 'em for ever from my ſight.
Def: Oh bleſt occaſion — Without change to your Sex, you have your wiſhes.
Claim ſo much man in me.
Bea. In thee *Deflores*? There's ſmall cauſe for that.
Def. Put it not from me, it's a ſervice that I kneel for to you.
Bea. You are too violent to mean faithfully,
There's horror in my ſervice, blood and danger,
Can thoſe be things to ſue for?
Def: If you knew how ſweet it were to me to be imployed
In any act of yours, you would ſay then
I faild, and us'd not reverence enough
When I receive the charge on't.
Bea. This is much methinks, belike his wants are greedy, & to ſuch

Gold

Gold taſtes like Angels food — Riſe.

Def. I'le have the work firſt.

Bea. Poſſible his need is ſtrong upon him, there's to incourage thee
As thou art forward and thy ſervice dangerous,
Thy reward ſhall be pretious.

Def: That I have thought on, I have aſſur'd my ſelf of that before hand, and know it will be pretious, the thought raviſhes.

Bea. Then take him to thy fury.

Def. I thirſt for him.

Bea: Alonzo de Piracquo.

Def: His ends upon him, he ſhal be ſeen no more.

Bea: How lovely now doſt thou appear to me!
Never was man dearlier rewarded.

Def: I do think of that.

Bea. Be wondrous carefull in the execution.

Def. Why? are not both our lives upon the caſt?

Bea. Then I throw all my fears upon thy ſervice.

Def: They ne're ſhal riſe to hurt you.

Bea. When the deed's done, I'le furniſh thee with all things for thy flight, thou mayſt live bravely in another countrey.

Def. I, I, wee'l talk of that hereafter.

Bea. I ſhall rid my ſelf of two inveterate loathings at one time, *Piracquo* and his Dog-face. *Exit.*

Def. Oh my blood, methinks I feel her in mine arms already.
Her wanton fingers combing out this beard,
And being pleaſed, praiſing this bad face.
Hunger and pleaſure they'l commend ſometimes
Slovenly diſhes, and feed heartily on 'em,
Nay which is ſtranger, refuſe daintier for 'em.
Some women are odd feeders — I'me too loud.
Here comes the man goes ſupperleſs to bed,
Yet ſhall not riſe to morrow to his dinner.

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. Deflores.

Def: My kind honorable Lord.

Alon: I am glad I ha' met with thee.

Def: Sir.

Alon. Thou canſt ſhew me the full ſtrength of the Caſtle,

Def. That I can ſir.

Alon. I much deſire it.

Def.

Def. And if the ways & ſtraits of ſome of the paſſages be not too tedious for you, I will aſſure you worth your time and ſight, my Lord.

Alon. Puh, that ſhall be no hinderance.

Def. I'me your ſervant then: 'tis now neer dinner time, 'gainſt your Lordſhips riſing I'le have the keys about me.

Alon. Thanks kind *Deflores.*

Def. He's ſafely thruſt upon me beyond hopes *Exeunt:*

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Enter Alonzo and Deflores.

(In the Act time Deflores hides a naked Rapier.)

Def. YEs, here are all the keys, I was afraid my Lord,
I'de wanted for the poſtern, this is it.
I've all, I've all, my Lord: this for the Sconce.

Alon. 'Tis a moſt ſpacious and impregnable Fort.

Def. You'l tell me more my Lord: this diſcent
Is ſomwhat narrow, we ſhall never paſs
Well with our weapons, they'l but trouble us.

Alon. Thou ſayſt true.

Def. Pray let me help your Lordſhip.

Alon. 'Tis done. Thanks kind *Deflores.*

Def. Here are hooks my Lord, to hang ſuch things on purpoſe.

Alon. Lead, Il'e follow thee. *Ex. at one door & enter at the other.*

Def. All this is nothing, you ſhall ſee anon a place you little dream
(on

Alon. I am glad I have this leaſure: all your maſters houſe
Imagine I ha' taken a *Gondela.*

Def. All but my ſelf, ſir, which makes up my ſafety,
My Lord, I'le place you at a Caſement here,
Will ſhew you the full ſtrength of all the Caſtle.
Look, ſpend your eye a while upon that object.

Alon. Here's rich variety *Deflores.*

Def. Yes, ſir.

Alon. Goodly munition.

Def. I, there's Ordnance ſir, no baſtard metall, will ring you a peal
like

like Bells at greet mens Funerals; keep your eye ſtreight, my Lord, take ſpeciall notice of that Sconce before you, there you may dwell a-while.

Alon. I am upon't.

Def. And ſo am I.

Alon: Deflores, oh *Deflores*, whoſe malice haſt thou put on?

Def: Doe you queſtion a work of ſecreſie? I muſt ſilence you.

Alon. Oh, oh, oh.

Def. I muſt ſilence you.

So, here's an undertaking wel accompliſh'd.
This vault ſerves to good uſe now — Ha! what's that
Threw ſparkles in my eye? — Oh 'tis a Diamond
He wears upon his finger: it was well found,
This will approve the work. What, ſo faſt on?
Not part in death? I'le take a ſpeedy courſe then,
Finger and all ſhall off. So, now I'le clear
The paſſages from all ſuſpect or fear. *Exit with Body.*

Enter Iſabella and Lollio.

Iſa: Why ſirrah? Whence have you commiſsion
To fetter the doors againſt me? If you
Keep me in a Cage, pray whiſtle to me,
Let me be doing ſomthing. (pipe after.

Lol: You ſhall be doing, if it pleaſe you, I'le whiſtle to you if you'l

Iſa. Is it your Maſters pleaſure, or your own,
To keep me in this Pinfold?

Lol: 'Tis for my maſters pleaſure, leſt being taken in another mans Corn, you might be pounded in another place.

Iſa. 'Tis very well, and he'l prove very wiſe.

Lol: He ſays you have company enough in the houſe, if you pleaſe to be ſociable, of all ſorts of people.

Iſa: Of all ſorts? Why here's none but fools and mad-men.

Lol: Very well: And where will you find any other, if you ſhould goe abroad? There's my maſter and I to boot too.

Iſa: Of either ſort one, a mad-man and a fool.

Lol. I would ev'n participate of both then if I were as you, I know y'are half mad already; be half fooliſh too.

Iſa: Y'are a brave ſawcy Raſcall, come on ſir,
Afford me then the pleaſure of your Bedlam;
You were commending once to day to me,
Your laſt come lunatique, what a proper

Body

Body there was without brains to guide it,
And what a pittifull delight appear'd
In that defect, as if your wiſdom had found
A mirth in madneſs; pray ſir let me partake
If there be ſuch a pleaſure.

Lol. If I doe not ſhew
You the handſomeſt, diſcreeteſt mad-man, one that I may
Call, the underſtanding mad-man; then ſay I am a fool.

Iſa. Well, a match, I will ſay ſo.

Lol. When you have a taſt of the mad-man, you ſhal (if you pleaſe) ſee Fools Colledge, o'th ſide, I ſeldome lock there, 'tis but ſhooting a bolt or two, and you are amongſt em. *Ex. Enter preſently.*
Come on ſir, let me ſee how handſomly you'l behave your ſelf now.

Enter Lol: Franciſcus.

Fran. How ſweetly ſhe looks! Oh but there's a wrinkle in her brow as deep as Philoſophy, *Anacreon* drink to my Miſtreſs health, I'le pledge it: Stay, ſtay, there's a Spider in the cup: No, tis but a Grape-ſtone, ſwallow it, fear nothing Poet; ſo, ſo, lift higher:

Iſa. Alack, alack, tis too full of pitty
To be laught at; how fell he mad? Canſt thou tell?

Lol. For love, Miſtreſs,
He was a pretty Poet too, and that ſet him forwards firſt;
The Muſes then forſook him, he ran mad for a Chambermaid,
Yet ſhe was but a dwarf neither.

Fran. Hail bright *Titania*, why ſtandſt thou idle on theſe flowry banks? *Oberon* is dancing with his *Dryades*, I'le gather dazies, primroſe, violets, and bind them in a verſe of Poeſie.

Lol. Not too neer, you ſee your danger.

Fran. Oh hold thy hand great *Diomed*, thou feedſt thy horſes well, they ſhall obey thee; Get up, *Bucephalus* kneels.

Lol. You ſee how I aw my flock, a Shephard has not his dog at more obedience.

Iſa. His conſcience is unquiet, ſure that was
The cauſe of this. A proper Gentleman.

Fran. Come hither *Eſculapius*, hide the poyſon.

Lol. Well, tis hid.

Fran Didſt thou never hear of one *Tireſias* a famous Poet?

Lol. Yes, that kept tame wild-geeſe.

Fran. That's he, I am the man.

Lol. No.

Fra. Yes, but make no words on't, I was a man ſeven years agoe,

Lol. A ſtripling I think you might.

Fra. Now Im'e a woman, all feminine.

Lol. I would I might ſee that.

Fra. *Juno* ſtruck me blind,

Lol: I'le ne're beleeve that; for a woman they ſay, has an eye more then a man.

Fra. I ſay ſhe ſtruck me blind.

Lol. And *Luna* made you mad, you have two trades to beg with.

Fra. *Luna* is now big bellied, and there's room for both of us to ride with *Hecate*; I'le drag thee up into her ſilver ſphear, and there we'l kick the Dog, and beat the buſh that barks againſt the Witches of the night, the ſwift *Licanthropi* that walks the round, we'l tear their wolviſh skins, and ſave the ſheep.

Lol. Is't come to this? nay then my poyſon comes forth agen, mad ſlave, indeed, abuſe your Keeper!

Iſa. I prithee hence with him, now he grows dangerous. *Sing.*

Fra. *Sweet love pitie me, give me leave to lye with thee.*

Lol. No, I'le ſee you wiſer firſt: To your own kennell.

Fra. No noyſe ſhe ſleeps, draw all the Curtains round,
Let no ſoft ſound moleſt the pretty ſoul,
But love, and love, creeps in at a mouſe-hole.

Lol. I wo'd you wo d get into your hole. *Exit Fra.*
Now Miſtreſs I wil bring you another ſort, you ſhal be fool'd another while, *Tony*, come hither *Tony*, look who's yonder *Tony*.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Couſin, is it not my Ant?

Lol. Yes, 'tis on of 'um *Tony*.

Ant. He, he, how do you Uncle?

Lol. Fear him not Miſtreſs, 'tis a gentle nigget, you may play with him, as ſafely with him as with his bawble.

Iſa. How long haſt thou been a fool?

Ant. Ever ſince I came hither, Couſin?

Iſa. Couſin, I'me none of thy Couſins fool.

Lol. Oh miſtreſs, fools have always ſo much wit as to claim their kindred.

Madman within. Bounce, bounce, he falls, he falls.

Iſa. Heark you, your ſcholars in the upper room are out of order.

Lol. Muſt I come amongſt you there? Keep you the fool miſtreſs, I'le go up, & play left handed *Orlando* amongſt the madmen. *Exit.*

Isa. Well, Sir.

Ant. 'Tis opportuneful now, sweet Lady! nay,
Cast no amazing eye upon this change.

Isa. Ha!

Ant. This shape of Folly shrowds your deerest Love,
The truest servant to your powerful beauties,
Whose magick had this force thus to transform me.

Isa. You are a fine Fool indeed. (all

Ant. Oh 'tis not strange: Love has an intellect that runs through
The scrutinous Sciences; and like
A cunning Poet, catches a quantity
Of every Knowledge, yet brings all home
Into one mysterie, into one secret
That he proceeds in.

Isa. Y'are a parlous Fool.

Ant. No danger in me: I bring nought but Love,
And his soft wounding shafts to strike you with.
Try but one arrow; if it hurt you,
I'le stand you twenty back in recompence.

Isa. A forward Fool too.

Ant. This was Love's teaching:
A thousand wayes she fashion'd out my way,
And this I found the safest and neerest
To tread the *Gallaxia* to my Star.

Isa. Profound, withall certain: You dream'd of this;
Love never taught it waking. (within

Ant. Take no acquaintance of these outward Follies; there is
A Gentleman that loves you.

Isa. When I see him, I'le speak with him; so in the mean time
Keep your habit, it becomes you well enough
As you are a Gentleman, I'le not discover you;
That's all the favour that you must expect:
When you are weary, you may leave the school,
For all this while you have but plaid the Fool.

Enter *Lollio.* (Valentine

Ant. And must agen; he, he, I thank you Cozen, I'le be your
To motrow morning.

Lol. How do you like the Fool, Mistress?

Isa. Passing well, Sir.

Lol. Is he not witty, pretty well for a Fool?

Isa. If

Iſa. If he hold on as he begins, he is like to come to ſomething.

Lol. I, thank a good Tutor: You may put him to't; he begins
To anſwer pretty hard queſtions. *Tony*, how many is
Five times ſix?

Ant. Five times ſix, is ſix times five.

Lol. What Arithmetician could have anſwerd better? how many is
One hundred and ſeven?

Ant. One hundred and ſeven, is ſeven hundred and one, Cozen.

Lol. This is no wit to ſpeak on; Will you be rid of the Fool now?

Iſa. By no means, let him ſtay a little.

Mad-man within. Catch there, catch the laſt couple in hell.

Lol. Agen, muſt I come amongſt you? Would my Maſter were
come home!
I am not able to govern both theſe Wards together. *Exit.*

Ant. Why ſhould a minute of Loves hour be loſt?

Iſa. Fie, out agen! I had rather you kept
Your other poſture: you become not your tongue,
When you ſpeak from your clothes.

Ant. How can he freeze, lives neer ſo ſweet a warmth? ſhall I alone
Walk through the orchard of the *Heſperides*.
And cowardly not dare to pull an apple?
This with the red cheeks I muſt venter for. *Enter Lol. above.*

Iſa: Take heed, there's Gyants keep 'em.

Lol. How now fool, are you good at that? have you read *Lipſius*?
He's paſt *Ars Amandi*; I believe I muſt put harder
Queſtions to him, I perceive that——

Iſa. You are bold without fear too. (ſmile,

Ant. What ſhould I fear, having all joyes about me? Do you
And Love ſhall play the wanton on your lip,
Meet and retire, retire and meet agen:
Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes
I ſhall behold mine own deformity,
And dreſſe my ſelf up fairer; I know this ſhape
Becomes me not, but in thoſe bright mirrors
I ſhall array me handſomly.

Lol. Cuckow, Cuckow—— *Exit.*

Mad-men above, ſome as birds, others as beaſts.

Ant. What are theſe?

Iſa. Of fear enough to part us, yet are they but our ſchools of
Lunatiques,

That act their fantaſies in any ſhapes
Suiting their preſent thoughts; if ſad, they cry;
If mirth be their conceit, they laugh agen.
Sometimes they imitate the beaſts and birds,
Singing, or howling, braying, barking; all
As their wilde fanſies prompt 'um.

Enter Lollio.

Ant. Theſe are no fears.

Iſa. But here's a large one, my man.

Ant. Ha, he, that's fine ſport indeed, couſin.

Lol: I would my maſter were come home, 'tis too much for one ſhepheard to govern two of theſe flocks; nor can I beleeve that one Churchman can inſtruct two benefices at once, there wil be ſome incurable mad of the one ſide, and very fools on the other. Come *Tony*.

Ant. Prithee couſin, let me ſtay here ſtil.

Lol. No, you muſt to your Book now you have plaid ſufficiently.

Iſa. Your fool is grown wondrous witty.

Lol. Well, I'le ſay nothing; but I do not think but he will put you down one of theſe dayes. *Exeunt Lol. and Ant.*

Iſa. Here the reſtrained current might make breach,
Spite of the watchfull bankers, would a woman ſtray,
She need not gad abroad to ſeek her ſin,
It would be brought home one wayes or other:
The Needles poynt will to the fixed North,
Such drawing Articks womens beauties are.

Enter Lollio.

Lol: How doſt thou ſweet rogue?

Iſa. How now?

Lol. Come, there are degrees, one fool may be better then another.

Iſa. What's the matter?

Lol: Nay, if thou giv'ſt thy mind to Fools-fleſh, have at thee.

Iſa. You bold ſlave you.

Lol. I could follow now as t'other fool did,
What ſhould I fear, having all joys about me: do you but ſmile,
And love ſhall play the wanton on your lip,
Meet and retire, retire and meet agen:
Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes,
I ſhall behold my own deformity,
And dreſs my ſelf up fairer, I know this ſhape

Becomes

Becomes me not; and ſo as it follows, but is not this the more
Fooliſh way? Come ſweet rogue, kiſs me my little *Lacedemonian.*
Let me feel how thy pulſes beat; Thou haſt a thing
About thee, would doe a man pleaſure, i'le lay my hand on't.
Iſa. Sirrah, no more I ſee you have diſcovered
This loves Knight arrant, who hath made adventure
For purchaſe of my love; be ſilent, mute,
Mute as a ſtatue, or his injunction
For me enjoying, ſhall be to cut thy throat,
I'le do it, though for no other purpoſe,
And be ſure hee'l not refuſe it.
Lol. My ſhare, that's all, I'le have my fools part with you
Iſa. No more your maſter.

Enter Alibius.

Alib: Sweet, how doſt thou?
Iſa. Your bounden ſervant, ſir.
Alib: Fie, fie, ſweet heart, no more of that.
Iſa: You were beſt lock me up.
Alib: In my arms and boſome, my ſweet *Iſabella,*
I'le lock thee up moſt neerly. *Lollio,*
We have imployment, we have task in hand,
At noble *Vermonderos* our Caſtle Captain,
There is a nuptiall to be ſolemniz'd,
Beatrice Joanna his fair daughter Bride,
For which the Gentleman hath beſpoke our pains,
A mixture of our madmen and our fools,
To finiſh (as it were) and make the fagg
Of all the Revels, the third night from the firſt,
Onely an unexpected paſſage over,
To make a frightfull pleaſure, that is all,
But not the all I aim at; could we ſo act it,
To teach it in a wild diſtracted meaſure,
Though out of form and figure, breaking times head,
It were no matter, 'twould be heald again
In one age or other, if not in this,
This, this *Lollio,* there's a good reward begun,
And will beget a bounty be it known.

Lol. This is eaſie, ſir, I'le warrant you: you have about you Fools and Madmen that can dance very well, and 'tis no wonder, your beſt Dancers are not the wiſeſt men, the reaſon is, with often jumping they

they joult their brains down into their feet, that their wits lie more in their heels then in their heads.

Alib. Honeſt *Lollio*, thou giv'ſt me a good reaſon,
And a comfort in it.

Iſa. Y'ave a fine trade on't, Mad-men and Fools are a ſtaple-commodity.

Alib. Oh wife, we muſt eat, weare clothes, and live,
Juſt at the Lawyers Haven we arrive,
By madmen and by fools we both do thrive. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vermandero, Alſemero, Jaſperino, and Beatrice.

Ver. *Valentia* ſpeaks ſo nobly of you, ſir,
I wiſh I had a daughter now for you.

Alſ. The fellow of this creature were a partner
For a Kings love.

Ver. I had her fellow once, ſir,
But heaven has married her to joyes eternall,
'Twere ſin to wiſh her in this vale agen.
Come ſir, your friend and you ſhall ſee the pleaſures
Which my health chiefly joyes in.

Alſ. I hear the beauty of this ſeat largely.

Ver. It falls much ſhort of that. *Exeunt. Manet Beatrice.*

Bea. So, here's one ſtep
Into my fathers favour, time will fix him,
I have got him now the liberty of the Houſe,
So wiſdome by degrees works out her freedom;
And if that eye be darkned that offends me,
I wait but that Eclipſe; this Gentleman
Shall ſoon ſhine glorious in my Fathers liking,
Through the refulgent vertue of my love.

Enter Deflores.

Def. My thoughts are at a banquet for the deed,
I feel no weight in't, 'tis but light and cheap,
For the ſweet recompence, that I ſet down for't.

Bea. *Deflores.*

Def. Lady.

Bea. Thy looks promiſe cheerfully.

Def. All things are anſwerable, time, circumſtance,
Your wiſhes and my ſervice.

Bea. Is it done then.

Def. *Piracquo* is no more.

Bea.

Bea. My joyes ſtart at mine eyes, our ſweet'ſt delights
Are evermore born weeping.
Def. I've a token for you.
Bea: For me?
Def. But it was ſent ſomwhat unwillingly,
I could not get the Ring without the Finger.
Bea: Bleſs me! what haſt thou done?
Def: Why is that more then killing the whole man? I cut his heart ſtrings.
A greedy hand thruſt in a diſh at Court
In a miſtake, hath had as much as this.
Bea. 'Tis the firſt token my father made me ſend him,
Def. And I made him ſend it back agen
For his laſt token, I was loath to leave it,
And I'me ſure dead men have no uſe of Jewels,
He was as loath to part with't, for it ſtuck,
As if the fleſh and it were both one ſubſtance.
Bea: At the Stags fall the Keeper has his fees:
'Tis ſoon apply'd, all dead mens fees are yours, Sir,
I pray bury the finger, but the ſtone
You may make uſe on ſhortly, the true value,
Tak't of my truth, is neer three hundred Duckets.
Def. 'Twil hardly buy a capcaſe for ones conſcience tho
To keep it from the worm as fine as 'tis.
Well, being my fees I'le take it,
Great men have taught me that, or elſe my merit
Would ſcorn the way on't.
Bea. It might juſtly, ſir: Why thou miſtak'ſt *Deſiares*, 'tis not given in ſtate of recompence.
Def. No, I hope ſo, Lady, you ſhould ſoon witneſs my contempt too't then.
Bea. Prithee, thou lookſt as if thou wer't offended.
Def. That were ſtrange Lady, tis not poſſible
My ſervice ſhould draw ſuch a cauſe from you.
Offended? Coul'd you think ſo? That were much
For one of my performance, and ſo warm
Yet in my ſervice.
Bea. 'Twere miſery in me to give you cauſe, ſir.
Def. I know ſo much, it were ſo, miſery
In her moſt ſharp condition.

Bea.

Bea. 'Tis reſolv'd then; look you ſir, here's 3000. golden Florens,
I have not meanly thought upon thy merit.
Def. What ſallery? Now you move me.
Bea: How *Deflores*?
Def: Do you place me in the rank of verminous fellows,
To deſtroy things for wages? offer gold?
The life blood of man; Is any thing
Valued too pretious for my recompence?
Bea. I underſtand thee not.
Def. I could ha' hir'd a journey-man in murder at this rate,
And mine own conſcience might have,
And have had the work brought home.
Bea. I'me in a labyrinth,
What will content him? I would fain be rid of him.
I'le double the ſum, ſir. (doe.
Def. You take a courſe to double my vexation, that's the good you
Bea. Bleſs me! I am now in worſe plight then I was,
I know not what will pleaſe him: for my fears ſake
I prithee make away with all ſpeed poſſible.
And if thou be'ſt ſo modeſt not to name
The ſum that will content thee, paper bluſhes not,
Send thy demand in writing, it ſhall follow thee,
But prithee take thy flight.
Def. You muſt flie too then.
Bea. I?
Def. I'le not ſtir a foot elſe.
Bea. What's your meaning?
Def. Why are not you as guilty, in I'me ſure
As deep as I? and we ſhould ſtick together.
Come, your fears counſell you but ill, my abſence
Would draw ſuſpect upon you inſtantly,
There were no reſcue for you.
Bea. He ſpeaks home.
Def. Nor is it fit we two ingag'd ſo joyntly,
Should part and live aſunder.
Bea. How now ſir? This ſhews not well.
Def. What makes your lip ſo ſtrange? This muſt not be betwixt us.
Bea. The man talks wildly.
Def. Come kiſſe me with a zeal now.
Bea. Heaven I doubt him.

Def.

Def. I will not ſtand ſo long to beg 'em ſhortly.
Bea. Take heed *Deflores* of forgetfulneſs, 'twill ſoon betray us.
Def. Take you heed firſt;
Faith y'are grown much forgetfull, y'are too blame in't.
Bea. He's bold, and I am blam'd for't.
Def. I have eas'd you of your trouble, think on't, I'me in pain,
And muſt be eas'd of you; 'tis a charity,
Juſtice invites your blood to underſtand me.
Bea. I dare not.
Def. Quickly.
Bea. Oh I never ſhall, ſpeak it yet further off that I may loſe
What has been ſpoken, and no ſound remain on't.
I would not hear ſo much offence again for ſuch another deed.
Def. Soft, Lady, ſoft; the laſt is not yet paid for, oh this act
Has put me into ſpirit; I was as greedy on't
As the parcht earth of moiſture, when the clouds weep.
Did you not mark, I wrought my ſelf into't,
Nay ſued and kneel'd for't: Why was all that paine took?
You ſee I have thrown contempt upon your gold,
Not that I want it, for I doe piteouſly,
In order I will come unto't, and make uſe on't,
But 'twas not held ſo pretious to begin with;
For I place wealth after the heels of pleaſure,
And were I not reſolv'd in my belief
That thy virginity were perfect in thee,
I ſhould but take my recompence with grudging.
As if I had but halfe my hopes I agreed for.
Bea: Why 'tis impoſſible thou canſt be ſo wicked,
Or ſhelter ſuch a cunning cruelty,
To make his death the murderer of my honor.
Thy language is ſo bold and vitious,
I cannot ſee which way I can forgive it with any modeſty.
Def. Puſh, you forget your ſelfe, a woman dipt in blood, and talk of modeſty.
Bea. O miſery of ſin! would I had been bound
Perpetually unto my living hate
In that *Piracquo*, then to hear theſe words.
Think but upon the diſtance that Creation
Set 'twixt thy blood and mine, and keep thee there.
Def. Look but into your conſcience, read me there,

'Tis a true Book, you find me here your equall:
Push, flye not to your birth, but fortie you
In what the act has made you, y'are no more now,
You must forget your parentage to me,
Y'are the deeds creature, by that name
You lost your first condition, and I challenge you,
As peace and innocency has turn'd you out,
And made you one with me.

Bea. With thee, foul villain?

Def. Yes, my fair murdress; Do you urge me?
Though thou writ'st maid, thou whore in thy affection,
'Twas chang'd from thy first love, and that's a kind
Of whoredome in thy heart, and he's chang'd now,
To bring thy second on thy *Alsemero*,
Whom (by all sweets that ever darkness tasted,
If I enjoy thee not) thou ne're enjoyst,
I'le blast the hopes and joyes of marriage,
I'le confess all, my life I rate at nothing.

Bea. Deflores.

Def. I shall rest from all lovers plagues then,
I live in pain now: that shooting eye
Will burn my heart to cinders.

Bea: O sir, hear me,

Def. She that in life and love refuses me,
In death and shame my partner she shall be,

Bea. Stay, hear me once for all, I make thee master
Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels,
Let me go poor unto my bed with honor,
And I am rich in all things.

Def. Let this silence thee,
The wealth of all *Valentia* shall not buy my pleasure from me,
Can you weep Fate from its determin'd purpose?
So soon may weep me.

Bea. Vengeance begins;
Murder I see is followed by more sins.
Was my creation in the womb so curst,
It must ingender with a Viper first?

Def. Come, rise, and shrowd your blushes in my bosome,
Silence is one of pleasures best receipts.
Thy peace is wrought for ever in this yeelding.

Lasse

'Laſſe how the Turtle pants! Thou'lt love anon,
What thou ſo fear'ſt, and faintſt to venture on. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Enter Gentlemen, Vermandero *meeting them with action of wonderment at the flight of* Piracquo. *Enter* Aſſemero, *with* Jaſperino, *and Gallants,* Vermandero *poynts to him, the Gentlemen ſeeming to applaud the choyce,* Aſſemero, Jaſperino, *and Gentlemen;* Beatrice *the Bride following in great ſtate, accompanied with* Diaphanta, Iſabella, *and other Gentlewomen:* Deflores *after all, ſmiling at the accident;* Alonzo's *Ghoſt appears to* Deflores *in the midſt of his ſmile, ſtartles him, ſhewing him the hand whoſe finger he had cut off. They paſſe over in great ſolemnity.*

Enter Beatrice:

Bea. THis fellow has undone me endleſſly,
Never was Bride ſo fearfully diſtreſt;
The more I think upon th'enſuing night,
And whom I am to cope with in embraces,
One both ennobled both in blood and mind,
So clear in underſtanding, that's my plague now,
Before whoſe judgement will my fault appear
Like malefactors crimes before Tribunals,
There is no hiding on't, the more I dive
Into my own diſtreſs; how a wiſe man
Stands for a great calamity, there's no venturing
Into his bed, what courſe ſoe're I light upon,
Without my ſhame, which may grow up to danger;
He cannot but in juſtice ſtrangle me
As I lie by by him, as a cheater uſe me;
'Tis a pretious craft to play with a falſe Dye
Before a cunning Gameſter; here's his cloſet,
The key left in't, and he abroad i'th Park,
Sure 'twas forgot, I'le be ſo bold as look in't.
Bleſs me! A right Phyſicians cloſet 'tis,
Set round with viols, every one her mark too.

Sure he does practice Phyſick for his own uſe,
Which may be ſafely calld your great mans Wiſdom,
What manuſcript lies here? The Book of Experiment,
Call'd *Secrets in Nature*: ſo 'tis, 'tis ſo,
How to know whether a woman be with child or no.
I hope I am not yet; if he ſhould try tho
Let me ſee folio 45: Here 'tis;
the leaf tuckt dow upon't, the place ſuſpitious.
If you would know whether a woman be with child, or not,
Give her two ſpoonfuls of the white water in Glaſs C.
Wher's that Glaſs C: O yonder I ſee't now, and if ſhe be with child,
She ſleeps full twelve hours after, if not, not.
None of that water comes into my belly.
I'le know you from a hundred, I could break you now
Or turn you into milk, and ſo beguile
The maſter of the myſtery, but I'le look to you.
Ha! that which is next, is ten times worſe.
How to know whether a woman be a maid, or not;
If that ſhould be apply'd, what would become of me?
Belike he has a ſtrong faith of my purity,
That never yet made proof; but this he calls
A merry ſlight, but true experiment, the Author *Antonius Mizaldus*.
Give the party you ſuſpect the quantity of a ſpoonful of the water,
In the glaſs M. which upon her that is a maid, makes three ſeverall effects, 'twill make her incontinently gape, then fall into a ſudden ſneezing, laſt into a violent laughing, elſe dull, heavy and lumpiſh.
Where had I been? I fear it, yet 'tis ſeven hours to bed time.

Enter Diaphanta

Dia. Cuds Madam, are you here?

Bea. Seeing that wench now
A trick comes in my mind, 'tis a nice piece,
Gold cannot purchaſe; I come hither wench,
To look my Lord.

Dia. Would I had ſuch a cauſe to look him too.
Why he's ith' Park Madam.

Bea. There let him be.

Dia. I madam, let him compaſs,
Whole Parks and Forreſts, as great Rangers doe,
At rooſting time a little lodge can hold 'em.
Earth-conquering *Alexander*, that thought the world
Too narrow for him, in the end had but his pit-hole.

Bea.

Bea. I fear thou art not modeſt, *Diaphanta.*
Dia. Your thoughts are ſo unwilling to be known, Madam,
'Tis ever the Brides faſhion towards bed-time,
To ſet light by her joyes, as if ſhe ow'd 'em not.
Bea. Her joys; her fears thou wouldſt ſay.
Dia. Fear of what?
Bea. Art thou a maid, and talkſt ſo to a maid?
You leave a bluſhing buſineſs behind,
Beſhrew your heart for't.
Dia. Do you mean good ſooth, madam?
Bea, Well, if I'de thought upon the fear at firſt,
Man ſhould have been unknown.
Dia. Is't poſſible?
Bea. I will give a thouſand Duckets to that woman
Would try what my fear were, and tell me true
To morrow, when ſhe gets from't: as ſhe likes
I might perhaps be drawn too't.
Dia. Are you in earneſt?
Bea. Do you get the woman, then challenge me,
And ſee if I'le flie from't; but I muſt tell you
This by the way, ſhe muſt be a true maid,
Elſe there's no tryall, my fears are not hers elſe.
Dia. Nay, ſhe that I would put into your hands, madam
ſhall be a maid.
Bea. You know I ſhould be ſham'd elſe, becauſe ſhe lies for me.
Dia. Tis a ſtrange humour:
But are you ſerious ſtill? Would you reſigne
Your firſt nights pleaſure, and give money too?
Bea. As willingly as live; alas, the gold
Is but a by-bet to wedge in the honor.
Dia. I doe not know how the world goes abroad
For faith or honeſty, there's both requir'd in this.
Madam, what ſay you to me, and ſtray no further,
I've a good mind in troth to earn your money.
Bea. Y'are too quick, I fear, to be a maid.
Dia. How? not a maid? nay then you urge me madam,
Your honorable ſelf is not a truer
With all your fears upon you.
Bea. Bad enough then.
Dia. Then I with all my lightſome joyes about me.

Bea.

Bea. I'me glad to hear't then, you dare put your honesty
Upon an easie tryall.
Dia. Easie? — any thing.
Bea. I'le come to you streight.
Dia. She will not search me? will she?
Like the fore-woman of a female Jury.
Bea. Glass M. I, this is it; look *Diaphana*,
You take no worse then I do.
Dia. And in so doing I will not question what 'tis, but take it:
Bea. Now if the experiment be true, 'twill praise it selfe,
And give me noble ease: — Begins already,
There's the first symptome; and what haste it makes
To fall into the second, there by this time
Most admirable secret, on the contrary
It stirs not me a whit, which most concerns it.
Dia. Ha, ha, ha.
Bea. Just in all things and in order,
As if 'twere circumscrib'd, one accident gives way unto another.
Dia. Ha, ha, ha.
Bea. How now wench?
Dia. Ha, ha, ha, I am so so light at heart, ha, ha, ha. so pleasurable.
But one swig more, sweet Madam.
Bea. I, to morrow, we shall have time to sit by't.
Dia. Now I'me sad agen. (*phanta*
Bea. It layes it self so gently too; Come wench, most honest *Dia*-
I dare call thee now.
Dia. Pray tell me, madam, what trick call you this?
Bea. I'le tell thee all hereafter; we must study the carriage of this businesse:
Dia. I shall carry't well, because I love the burthen.
Bea. About midnight you must not fail to steal forth gently,
That I may use the place.
Dia. Oh fear not, Madam,
I shall be cool by that time: the brides place,
And with a thousand Duckets; I'me for a Justice now,
I bring a portion with me, I scorn small fools. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vermandero and Servant.

Ver. I tell thee knave, mine Honor is in question,
A thing till now free from suspition,
Nor ever was there cause; who of my Gentlemen are absent?

Tell

Tell me and truly how many, and who.

Ser. *Antonio*, Sir, and *Franciſcus*.

Ver. When did they leave the Caſtle?

Ser. Some ten days ſince, ſir, the one intending to *Briamata*,
Th'other for *Valentia*.

Ver. The time accuſes 'um, a charge of murder
Is brought within my Caſtle gate, *Piracquo*'s murder,
I dare not anſwer faithfully their abſence:
A ſtrict command of apprehenſion
Shall purſue 'um ſuddenly, and either wipe
The ſtain off clear, or openly diſcover it.
Provide me winged warrants for the purpoſe.
See, I am ſet on agen. *Exit Servant.*

Enter Tomazo.

Tom. I claim a brother of you.

Ver. Y'are too hot, ſeek him not here.

Tom. Yes, 'mongſt your deareſt bloods,
If my peace find no fairer ſatisfaction,
This is the place muſt yeeld account for him,
For here I left him, and the haſty tie
Of this ſnatcht marriage, gives ſtrong teſtimony
Of his moſt certain ruine.

Ver. Certain falſhood;
This is the place indeed, his breach of faith,
Has too much mar'd both my abuſed love,
The honorable love I reſerv'd for him,
And mock't my daughters joy; the prepar'd morning
Bluſht at his infidelity, he left
Contempt and ſcorn to throw upon thoſe friends
Whoſe belief hurt 'em: oh 'twas moſt ignoble
To take his flight ſo unexepectedly,
And throw ſuch publick wrongs on thoſe that lov'd him

Tom. Then this is all your anſwer.

Ver. Tis too fair for one of his alliance; and I warn you
That this place no more ſee you. *Exit.*

Enter Deflores.

Tom. The beſt is, there is more ground to meet a mans revenge on.
Honeſt *Deflores*.

Def. That's my name indeed.
Saw you the Bride? Good ſweet ſir, which way took ſhe?

Tom.

Tom. I have bleſt mine eyes from ſeeing ſuch a falſe one.

Def. I'de fain get off, this man's not for my company,
I ſmell his brothers blood when I come neer him.

Tom. Come hither kind and true one; I remember
My brother lov'd thee well.

Def. O purely, dear ſir, me thinks I am now agen a killing on him.
He brings it ſo freſh to me.

Tom. Thou canſt gueſſe ſirrah,
One honeſt friend has an inſtinct of jealouſie
At ſome foul guilty perſon.

Def. 'Laſſe ſir, I am ſo charitable, I think none
Worſe then my ſelf — You did not ſee the Bride then?

Tom. I prithee name her not. Is ſhe not wicked?

Def. No, no, a pretty eaſie round-packt ſinner,
As your moſt Ladies are, elſe you might think
I flatter'd her; but ſir, at no hand wicked,
Till th'are ſo old their ſins and vices meet,
And they ſalute Witches; I am call'd, I think ſir:
His company ev'n ore-lays my conſcience. *Exit.*

Tom. That *Deflores* has a wondrous honeſt heart.
He'l bring it out in time, I'me aſſur'd on't:
O here's the glorious maſter of the dayes joy,
I will not be long till he and I do reckon ſir.

Enter Alſemero.

Alſ. You are moſt welcome.

Tom. You may call that word back,
I do not think I am, nor wiſh to be.

Alſ. 'Tis ſtrange you found the way to this houſe then.

Tom. Would I'de nere known the cauſe, I'me none of thoſe ſir,
That come to give you joy, and ſwill your wine,
'Tis a more pretious liquor that muſt lay
The fiery thirſt I bring.

Alſ. Your words and you appear to me great ſtrangers.

Tom. Time and our ſwords may make us more acquainted;
This the buſineſſe.
I ſhould have a brother in your Place,
How treachery and malice have diſpos'd of him,
I'me bound to enquire of him which holds his right:
Which never could come fairly.

Alſ. You muſt look to anſwer for that word, ſir.

Tom:

Tom: Fear you not, I'le have it ready drawn at our next meeting,
Keep your day ſolemn. Farewell, I diſturb it not,
Il'e bear the ſmart with patience for a time. *Exit:*

Alſ. 'Tis ſomwhat ominous this, a quarrell entred
Upon this day, my innocence relieves me,

Enter Jaſperino.

I ſhould be wondrous ſad elſe — *Jaſperino*,
I have newes to tell thee, ſtrange news.

Jaſ. I ha' ſome too,
I think as ſtrange as yours, would I might keep
Mine, ſo my faith and friendſhip might be kept in't.
Faith ſir, diſpenſe a little with my zeal,
And let it cool in this.

Alſ. This put's me on, and blames thee for thy ſlowneſs.

Jaſ. All may prove nothing,
Onely a friendly fear that leapt from me, ſir.

Alſ. No queſtion it may prove nothing; let's partake it thou.

Jaſ. 'Twas *Diaphanta's* chance, for to that wench
I pretend honeſt love, and ſhe deſerves it,
To leave me in a back part of the houſe,
A place we choſe for privat conference;
She was no ſooner gone, but inſtantly
I heard your brides voyce in the next room to me;
And lending more attention, found *Deflores*
Lowder then ſhe.

Alſ. Deflores? Thou art out now.

Jaſ. You'l tell me more anon.

Alſ. ſtill I'le prevent thee, the very ſight of him is poyſon to her.

Jaſ. That made me ſtagger too, but *Diaphanta*
At her return confirm'd it.

Alſ. Diaphanta!

Jaſ. Then fell we both to liſten, and words paſt
Like thoſe that chalenge intereſt in a woman:

Alſ. Peace, quench thy zeal, tis dangerous to thy boſom

Jaſ. Then truth is full of perill.

Alſ. Such truths are--O were ſhe the ſole glory of the earth,
Had eys that could ſhoot fire into Kings breaſts,
And toucht, ſhe ſleeps not here, yet I have time
Though night be neer, to be reſolv'd hereof,
And prithee do not weigh me by my paſſions.

Jaſ. I never weigh'd friend ſo.

Alſ. Done charitably, that key will lead thee to a pretty ſecret,
By a Chaldean taught me, and I've
My ſtudy upon ſome, bring from my cloſet
A glaſs inſcrib'd there with the letter M.
And queſtion not my purpoſe.

Jaſ. It ſhall be done ſir. *Exit.*

Alſ: How can this hang together? Not an hour ſince?
Her woman came pleading her Lady's fears,
Deliver'd her for the moſt timerous virgin
That ever ſhrunk at mans name, and ſo modeſt,
She charg'd her weep out her requeſt to me,
That ſhe might come obſcurely to my boſome.

Enter Beatrice.

Bea. All things go well, my womans preparing yonder
For her ſweet voyage, which grieves me to loſe,
Neceſſity compels it; I loſe all elſe.

Alſ. Puſh, Modeſties ſhrine is ſet in yonder forehead.
I cannot be too ſure tho my *Joanna.*

Bea. Sir, I was bold to weep a meſſage to you,
Pardon my modeſt fears.

Alſ. The Dove's not meeker.
She's abus'd queſtionleſs. —— Oh are you come, ſir?

Enter Jaſperino.

Bea. The glaſs upon my life; I ſee the letter.

Jaſ. Sir, this is M.

Alſ. T's it

Bea. I am ſuſpected.

Alſ. How fitly our Bride comes to partake with us!

Bea. What is't, my Lord?

Alſ. No hurt.

Bea. Sir, pardon me, I ſeldom taſt of any compoſition.

Alſ. But this upon my warrant you ſhall venture on.

Bea. I fear 'twill make me ill.

Alſ. Heaven forbid that.

Bea. I'me put now to my cunning, th'effects I know,
If I can now but feign 'em handſomly.

Alſ. It has that ſecret vertue it ne're miſt, ſir,
Upon a virgin.

Jaſ. Treble qualited.

Alſ. By all that's vertuous it takes there, proceeds.
Joſ. This is the ſtrangeſt trick to know a maid by.
Bea. Ha, ha, ha, you have given me joy of heart to drink my Lord.
Alſ. No, thou haſt given me ſuch joy of heart,
That never can be blaſted.
Bea. What's the matter ſir?
Alſ. See now 'tis ſetled in a melancholy,
Keep both the time and method, my *Joanna*.
Chaſt as the breath of heaven, or mornings womb,
That brings the day forth, thus my love incloſes thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iſabella and Lollio.

Iſa. Oh heaven! is this the waiting moon?
Does love turn fool, run mad, and all once?
Sirrah, here's a mad-man, a-kin to the fool too,
A lunatick lover.
Lol. No, no, not he I brought the Letter from.
Iſa. Compare his inſide with his out, and tell me.
Lol. The out's mad, I'me ſure of that, I had a taſt on't.
To the bright Andromeda, *chiefe Chambermaid to the Knight of the* Sun, *at the ſign of* Scorpio, *in the middle Region, ſent by the Bellows-mender of* Æolus. *Pay the Poſt.*
This is ſtark madneſs.
Iſa. Now mark the inſide.
Sweet Lady, having now caſt off this Counterfeit Cover of a mad-man, I appeare to your beſt Judgement a true and faithfull Lover of your beauty.
Lol. He is mad ſtill.
Iſa. If any fault you finde, chide thoſe perfections in you, which have have made me imperfect; 'Tis the ſame Sun that cauſeth to grow, and inforceth to wither.
Lol. Oh Rogue!
Iſa. Shapes and tranſhapes, deſtroys and builds again, I come in winter to you diſmantled of my proper ornaments, by the ſweet ſplendor of your cheerful ſmiles, I ſpring and live a lover.
Lol. Mad Raſcall ſtil.
Iſa. Tread him not under foot, that ſhal appear an honour to your bounties. I remain —— mad till I ſpeak with you, from whom I expect my cure. Yours all, or one beſide himſelf,
Franciſcus.
Lol.

Lol: You are like to have a fine time on't, my Maſter and I may give over our profeſſions, I do not think but you can cure fools and madmen faſter then we, with little pains too.

Iſa: Very likely.

Lol. One thing I muſt tell you Miſtris; you perceive, that I am privy to your skill, if I finde you miniſter once and ſet up the trade, I put in for my thirds, I ſhall be mad or fool elſe.

Iſa: The firſt place is thine, beleeve it, *Lollio*,
If I do fall.

Lol: I fall upon you.

Iſa: So.

Lol: Well I ſtand to my venture.

Iſa: But thy councel now, how ſhall I deal with 'um:

Lol: We do you mean to deal with 'um.

Iſa: Nay, the fair underſtanding, how to uſe 'um.

Lol: Abuſe 'um, that's the way to mad the fool, and make a fool of the madman, and then you uſe 'um kindly.

Iſa: 'Tis eaſie, I'll practiſe, do thou obſerve it,
The key of thy Wardrobe.

Lol. There fit your ſelf for 'um, and I'll fit 'um both for you.

Iſa: Take thou no further notice, then the outſide: *Exit.*

Lol: Not an inch, I'll put you to the inſide.

Enter Alibius.

Ali: *Lollio*, art there, will all be perfect think'ſt thou
To morrow night, as if to cloſe up the ſolemnity:
Vermandero expects us:

Lol: I miſtruſt the madmen moſt, the fools will do well enough: I have taken pains with them.

Ali. Tuſh they cannot miſs; the more abſurdity,
The more commends it, ſo no rough behaviours
Affright the Ladies; they are nice things thou know'ſt.

Lol: You need not fear, Sir, ſo long as we are there with our commanding peeſles, they'll be as tame as the ladies themſelves.

Ali: I will ſee them once more rehearſe before they go.

Lol: I was about it, Sir; looke you to the madmens Morris, and let me alone with the other; there is one or two that I miſtruſt their fooling; I'll inſtruct them, and then they ſhall rehearſe the whole meaſure.

Ali: Do ſo, I'll ſee the muſick prepar'd: but, *Lollio*,
By the way, how does my wife brook her reſtraint:

Does

Does ſhe not grudge at it.

Lol. So, ſo, ſhe takes ſome pleaſure in the houſe, ſhe would abroad elſe, you muſt allow her a little more length, ſhe's kept too ſhort.

Ali. She ſhall along to *Vermandero*'s with us,
That will ſerve her for a moneths liberty.

Lol: What's that on your face, Sir?

Ali: Where, *Lollio*, I ſee nothing.

Lol. Cry you mercy, Sir, tis your noſe, it ſhew'd like the trunck of a young Elephant.

Ali: Away, Raſcal: I'll prepare the muſick, *Lollio* *Ex. Ali:*

Lol. Do, Sir; and I'll dance the whilſt; *Tony*, where art thou *Tony*? *Enter Antonio.*

Ant. Here, Cozen, where art thou?

Lol. Come, *Tony*, the footmanſhip I taught you.

Ant: I had rather ride, Cozen.

Lol: I, a whip take you; but I'll keep you out,
Vault in; look you, *Tony*, Fa, la la la la.

Ant: Fa, la la la la.

Lol: There, an honour.

Ant: Is this an honour, Cuz?

Lol: Yes, and it pleaſe your worſhip.

Ant: Does honour bend in the hams, Cuz?

Lol: Marry does it, as low as worſhip, ſquireſhip, nay, yeomandry
It ſelf ſometimes, from whence it firſt ſtiffened,
There riſe a caper.

Ant: Caper after an honour, Cuz.

Lol: Very proper, for honour is but a caper, riſe as faſt and high,
Has a knee or two, and falls to th' ground agen,
You can remember your figure, *Tony*? *Exit.*

Ant: Yes, Cozen, when I ſee thy figure, I can remember mine.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſa. Hey, how ſhe treads the air, ſhough, ſhough, to'ther way,
He burns his wings elſe, here's wax enough below *Icarus*,
More then will be cancelled theſe eighteen moons;
He's down, he's down, what a terrible fall he had, ſtand up,
Thou ſon of *Cretan Dedalus*, and let us tread the lower
Labyrinth; I'll bring thee to the Clue.

Ant. Prethee, Cuz, let me alone.

Iſa: Art thou not drown'd,
About thy head I ſaw a heap of Clouds Wrapt

Wrapt like a Turkiſh Turbant on thy back,
A crookt Camelion colour'd rainbow hung,
Like a *Tyara* down unto thy hams.
Let me ſuck out thoſe Billows in thy belly,
Heark how they rore and rumble in the ſtreets.
Bleſs thee from the Pyrats.

Ant. Pox upon you, let me alone.

Iſa. Why ſhouldſt thou mount ſo high as *Mercury*,
Unleſſe thou hadſt reverſion of his place?
Stay in the Moon with me *Endymion*,
And we will rule theſe wild rebellious waves,
That would have drownd my love.

Ant. I'le kick thee if again thou touch me,
Thou wild unſhapen Antick; I am no fool,
You Bedlam.

Iſa. But you are as ſure as I am, mad.
Have I put on this habit of a frantick,
With love as full of fury to beguile
The nimble eye of watchfull jealouſie,
And am I thus rewarded?

Ant. Ha dear'ſt beauty.

Iſa. No, I have no beauty now,
Nor never had, but what was in my garments.
You a quick-ſighted lover, come not neere me.
Keep your Capariſons, y'are aptly clad,
I came a feigner to return ſtark mad. *Exit.*

Enter Lollio.

Ant. Stay, or I ſhall change condition,
And become as you are.

Loll. Wy *Tony*, whither now? why fool?

Ant. Whoſe fool, uſher of Idiotts, you Coxcomb.
I have foold too much.

Lol. You were beſt be mad another while then.

Ant. So I am, ſtark mad, I have cauſe enough,
And I could throuw the full effects on thee,
And beat thee like a Fury.

Lol. Doe not, doe not, I ſhall not forbear the Gentleman under the foole, if you doe; alas, I ſaw through your Fox-skin before now: Come, I can give you comfort, My Miſtreſs loves you, and there

there is as arrant a mad-man i'th houſe, as you are a foole; your Rivall, whom ſhe loves not; if after the mask we can rid her of him, You earn her love ſhe ſayes, and the fool ſhall ride her.

Ant. May I beleeve thee?

Lol. Yes, or you may chuſe whether you will or no.

Ant. She's eas'd of him, I have a good quarrell on't.

Lol. Well, keep your old ſtation yet, and be quiet.

Ant. Tell her I will deſerve her love.

Lol. And you are like to have your deſire.

Enter Franciſcus.

Fran: Down, down, down a-down a-down, and then with a horſe-trick, To kick *Latona's* forehead, and break her bowſtring.

Lol. This is to'ther counterfeit, I'l put him out of his humor, Sweet Lady, having now caſt this counterfeit cover of a mad-man, I appear to your beſt judgement a true and faithfull lover of your beauty. This is pretty well for a mad-man.

Fran: Ha! what's that?

Lol: Chide thoſe perfections in you which made me imperfect.

Fran. I am diſcover'd to the fool.

Lol. I hope to diſcover the fool in you, e're I have done with you. Yours all, or one beſide himſelf, *Franciſcus.* This mad-man will mend ſure.

Fran: What? Do you read ſirrah?

Lol: Your deſtiny ſir, you'l be hang'd for this trick, and another that I know.

Fran. Art thou of counſell with thy miſtreſs?

Lol. Next her Apron ſtrings.

Fran: Give me thy hand.

Lol: tay, let me put yours in my pocket firſt: your hand is true, is it not? It will not pick, I partly fear it, becauſe I think it does lye.

Fran. Not in a ſillable.

Lol. So, if you love my miſtreſs ſo well as you have handled the matter here, you are like to be cur'd of your madneſs.

Fran: And none but ſhe can cure it.

Lol. Well, Il'e give you over then, and ſhe ſhall caſt your water next.

Fran. Take for thy pains paſt.

Lol.

Lol. I ſhal deſerve more, ſir, I hope, my miſtreſs loves you, but muſt have ſome proof of your love to her.

Fran. There I meet my wiſhes.

Lol. That will not ſerve, you muſt meet her enemy and yours.

Fran: He's dead already.

Lol. Will you tell me that, and I parted but now with him?

Fran. Shew me the man.

Lol. I that's a right courſe now, ſee him before you kill him in any caſe, and yet it needs not go ſo far neither; 'tis but a fool that haunts the houſe, and my miſtriſs in the ſhape of an ideot, bang but his fools coat well-favouredly, and 'tis well.

Fran. Soundly, ſoundly.

Lol. Onely reſerve him till the maſque be paſt; and if you find him not now in the dance your ſelf, I'le ſhew you.
In —— in my maſter.

Fran. He handles him like a feather. Hey!

Enter Alibius.

Alib. Well ſaid, in a readineſs *Lollio.*

Lol. Yes, ſir.

Alib. Away then, and guide them in *Lollio,*
Intreat your Miſtreſs to ſee this ſight.
Hark is there not one incurable fool
That might be beg'd? I have friends.

Loll. I have him for you, one that ſhall deſerve it too.

Alib. Good boy *Lollio.* *The Madmen and Fools dance.*
'Tis perfect well fit, but once theſe ſtrains,
We ſhall have coin and credit for our pains. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Enter Beatrice: A Clock ſtrikes one.

Bea: ONe ſtruck, and yet ſhe lies by't——Oh my fears,
This ſtrumpet ſerves her own ends, 'tis apparent now,
Devours.

Devours the pleaſure with a greedy appetite,
And never minds my honor or my peace,
Makes havock of my right; but ſhe payes dearly for't,
No truſting of her life with ſuch a ſecret,
That cannot rule her blood, to keep her promiſe.
Beſide, I have ſome ſuſpition of her faith to me,
Becauſe I was ſuſpected of my Lord,
And it muſt come from her—— Heark by my horrors,
Another clock ſtrikes two. *Strike two.*

Enter Deflores.

Def: Piſt, where are you?
Bea. Deflores!
Def. I—Is ſhe not come from him yet?
Bea. As I am a living ſoul not.
Def. Sure the Devill
Hath ſow'd his itch within her; who'd truſt a waiting-woman?
Bea. I muſt truſt ſome body.
Def. Puſh, they are *Tarmagants.*
Eſpecially when they fall upon their Maſters
And have their Ladies firſt fruits, th'are mad whelps,
You cannot ſtave 'em off from game Royall, then
You are ſo harſh and hardy ask no counſell
And I could have helpt you to a Apothecaries daughter
Would have faln off before eleven, and thank you too.
Bea: O me, not yet, this whore forgets her ſelf
Def. The Raſcal fares ſo well, look y'are undone,
The Day-ſtar by this hand, ſee *Boſphorus* plain yonder.
Bea. Adviſe me now to fall upon ſome ruine,
There is no counſell ſafe elſe.
Def. Peace, I ha't now,
For we muſt force a riſing, there's no remedy.
Bea. How? take heed of that.
Def. Tuſh, be you quiet, or elſe give over all.
Bea. Prithee I ha' done then.
Def. This is my reach, Il'e ſet ſome part a-fire of *Diaphanta's* chamber.
Bea. How? fire ſir, that may endanger the whole houſe.
Def. You talk of danger when your fame's on fire.
Bea: That's true, do what thou wilt now.
Def. Puſh, I aim at a moſt rich ſucceſs, ſtrikes all dead ſure,

The chimney being a fire, and some light pieces
Of the least danger in her chamber only,
If *Diaphanta* should be met by chance then,
Far from her lodging, which is now suspitious,
It would be thought her fears and affrights then,
Drove her to seek for succour, if not seen
Or met at all, as that's the likeliest,
For her own shame she'l hasten towards her lodging,
I will be ready with a piece high-charg'd,
As 'twere to cleanse the chimney: there'tis proper now,
But she shall be the mark.

Bea. I'me forc'd to love thee now,
'Cause thou provid'st so carefully for my honor.

Def: 'Slid it concerns the safety of us both,
Our pleasure and continuance.

Bea. One word now prithee, how for the servants?

Def: I'le dispatch them some one way, some another in the hurry,
For Buckets, Hooks, Ladders; fear not you;
The deed shall find it's time, and I've thought since
Upon a safe conveyance for the body too.
How this fire purifies wit! Watch you your minute.

Bea. Fear keeps my soul upon t, I cannot stray from t.

Enter Alonzo's Ghost.

Def: Ha! What art thou that tak'st away the light
'Twixt that starr and me? I dread thee not,
'Twas but a mist of conscience — All's clear agen. *Exit.*

Bea: Who's that, *Deflores*? Blesse me! it slides by,
Some ill thing haunts the house, t'has left behind it;
A shivering sweat upon me; I'me afraid now
This night hath been so tedious; Oh this strumpet!
Had she a thousand lives, he should not leave her
Till he had destroyd the last — List oh my terrors,
Three struck by St *Sebastians.* *Struck 3 a clock.*

Within: Fire, fire, fire.

Bea. Already! How rare is that mans speed!
How heartily he serves me! his fate loathes one,
But look upon his care, who would not love him?
The East is not more beauteous then his service.

Within. Fire, fire, fire.

Enter Deflores servants: passe over, ring a Bell.

Def: Away, diſpatch, hooks, buckets, ladders; thats well ſaid,
The fire-bell rings, the chimney works, my charge;
The piece is ready, *Exit.*

Enter Diaphanta.

Bea: Here's a man worth loving — oh y'are a jewel.
Dia. Pardon frailty, Madam,
In troth I was ſo well, I ev'n forgot my ſelf.
Bea: Y'have made trim work.
Dia: What?
Bea: Hie quickly to your chamber, your reward follows you.
Dia. I never made ſo ſweet a bargain. *Exit.*

Enter Alſemero.

Alſ: Oh my dear *Joanna*,
Alas, art thou riſen too, I was coming,
My abſolute treaſure.
Bea: When I miſt you, I could not chuſe but follow.
Alſ: Th'art all ſweetneſs, the fire is not ſo dangerous.
Bea: Think you ſo ſir?
Alſ: I prithee tremble not: Believe me 'tis not.

Enter Vermandero, Diſparine.

Ver: Oh bleſs my houſe and me.
Alſ: My Lord your father.

Enter Deflores with a Piece.

Ver. Knave, whither goes that piece?
Def: To ſcour the chimney, *Exit.*
Ver: Oh well ſaid, well ſaid,
That fellow's good on all occaſions.
Bea: A wondrous neceſſary man, my Lord.
Ver: He hath a ready wit, he's worth 'em all, ſir,
Dog at a houſe of fire, I ha' ſeen him fright'd ere now:
Ha, there he goes. *The piece goes off.*
Bea: 'Tis done.
Alſ: Come ſweet to bed now, alas, thou will get cold.
Bea: Alas, the fear keeps that out,
My heart will find no quiet till I hear
How *Diaphanta* my poor woman fares,
It is her chamber fir, her lodging chamber.
Ver: How ſhould the fire come there?
Def: As good a ſoul as ever Lady countenanc'd,
But in her chamber negligent and heavy.

She ſcap'd a Mine twice.

Ver. Twice?

Bea. Strangely twice, ſir.

Ver. Thoſe ſleepy ſluts are dangerous in a houſe,
And they be ne're ſo good.

Enter Deflores.

Def. Oh poor virginity! thou haſt paid dearly for't.

Ver. Bleſs us! What's that?

Def. A thing you all knew once, *Diaphanta's* burnt.

Bea. My woman, oh my woman!

Def. Now the flames are
Greedy of her, burnt, burnt, burnt to death ſir.

Bea. Oh my preſaging ſoul!

Alſ. Not a tear more, I charge you by the laſt embrace
I gave you in bed before this rais'd us.

Bea. Now you tie me,
Were it my ſiſter now ſhe gets no more.

Ver. How now? *Enter Servant.*

Ser. All danger's paſt, you may now take your reſts, my Lords,
The fire is throughly quencht; ah poore Gentlewoman,
How ſoon was ſhe ſtifled!

Bea. Deflores, what is left of her interre,
And we as mourners all will follow her:
I will intreat that honour to my ſervant,
Ev'n of my Lord himſelf.

Alſ. Command it ſweetneſs.

Bea. Which of you ſpied the fire firſt?

Def. 'Twas I, Madam.

Bea. And took ſuch pains in't too? a double goodneſs!
'Twere well he were rewarded.

Ver. He ſhall be, *Deflores*, call upon me.

Alſ. And upon me, ſir. *Exeunt.*

Def. Rewarded? pretious, here's a trick beyond me;
I ſee in all bouts both of ſport and wit,
Always a woman ſtrives for the laſt hit. *Exit.*

Enter Thomazo.

Tho. I cannot taſte the benefits of life
With the ſame reliſh I was wont to do.

Man

Man I grow weary of, and hold his fellowſhip
A treacherous bloody friendſhip, and becauſe
I am ignorant in whom my wrath ſhould ſettle,
I muſt think all men villains; and the next
I meet, who ere he be, the murderer
Of my moſt worthy brother —— Ha! What's he?

Enter Deflores, paſſes over the Stage.

Oh the fellow that ſome call honeſt *Deflores*?
But me thinks honeſty was hard beſted
To come there for a lodging, as if a Queen
Should make her Palace of a Peſt-houſe,
I find a contrariety in nature
Betwixt that face and me, the leaſt occaſion
Would give me game upon him, yet he's ſo foul
One would ſcarce touch with a ſword he loved,
And made account of, ſo moſt deadly venemous,
He would go ne're to poyſon any weapon
That ſhould draw blood on him, one muſt reſolve
Never to uſe that ſword again in fight:
In way of honeſt manhood, that ſtrikes him;
Some river muſt devour't, 'twere not fit
That any man ſhould find it. —— What agen?

Enter Deflores.

He walks a purpoſe by, ſure to choke me up,
To infect my blood.

Def. My worthy noble Lord.

Tho. Doſt offer to come neer and breath upon me?

Def. A blow.

Tho. Yea, are you ſo prepar'd?
I'le rather like a ſouldier die by th'ſword
Then like a Polititian by thy poyſon.

Def. Hold, my Lord, as you are honorable.

Tho. All ſlaves that kill by poyſon, are ſtill cowards.

Def. I cannot ſtrike, I ſee his brothers wounds
Freſh bleeding in his eye, as in a Cryſtall,
I will not queſtion this, I know y'are noble,
I take my injury with thanks given, Sir.
Like a wiſe Lawyer; and as a favour,
Will wear it for the worthy hand that gave it.

Why this from him, that yesterday appeard,
So strangely loving to me?
Oh but instinct is of a subtler strain,
Guilt must not walk so neer his lodge agen,
He came ne're me now. *Exit.*

Tho. All league with mankind I renounce for ever,
Till I find this murderer; Not so much
As common curtesie, but I'e lock up:
For in the state of ignorance I live in,
A brother may salute his brothers murderer,
And wish good speed to'th villain in a greeting.

Enter Verman: Ali: and Isabella.

Ver: Noble *Piracquo.*

Tho: Pray keep on your way, sir,
I've nothing to say to you.

Ver: Comforts bless you sir.

Tho: I have forsworn complement, in troth I have, sir;
As you are meerly man, I have not left
A good wish for you, nor any here.

Ver: Unless you be so far in love with grief,
You will not part from't upon any tearms,
We bring that news will make a welcome for us.

Tho. What newes can that be?

Ver: Throw no scornfull smile
Upon the zeal I bring you, tis worth more sir,
Two of the chiefest men I kept about me,
I hide not from the law, or your just vengeance.

Tho: Ha!

Ver. To give your peace more ample satisfaction,
Thank these discoverers.

Tho: If you bring that calm,
Name but the manner I shall ask forgiveness in
For that contemptuous smile upon you;
I'le perfect it with reverence that belongs
Unto a sacred altar.

Ver: Good sir rise,
Why now you over-doe as much a'this hand,
As you fell short a'tother. Speak *Aldiva*;

Ali: 'Twas my wives fortune, as she is most lucky

At

At a diſcovery to find out lately
Within our Hoſpital of Fools and mad-men,
Two counterfeits ſlipt into theſe diſguiſes;
Their names *Franciſcus* and *Antonio*.
Ver: Both mine ſir, and I ask no favour for 'em.
Alib. Now that which drawe ſuſpition to their habits,
The time of their diſguiſings agrees juſtly
With the day of the murder.
Tho: O bleſt revelation!
Ver. Nay more, nay more ſir, Ile not ſpare mine own
In way of juſtice; They both faign'd a journey
To *Bramata*, and ſo wrought out their leaves;
My love was ſo abus'd in't.
Tho: Time's too precious
To run in waſte now; you have brought a peace
The riches of five kingdoms could not purchaſe,
Be my moſt happy conduct, I thirſt for 'em,
Like ſubtile lightning will I wind about 'em,
And melt their marrow in 'em. *Exeunt.*

Enter Alſemero and Jaſperino.

Jaſ: Your confidence I'me ſure, is now of proof,
The proſpect from the Garden has ſhew'd
Enough for deep ſuſpition.
Alſ: The black maſque
That ſo continually was worn upon't,
Condemnes the face for ugly ere't be ſeen,
Her deſpite to him, and ſo ſeeming bottomleſs.
Jaſ. Touch it home then, 'tis not a ſhallow probe
Can ſearch this ulcer ſoundly, I fear you'l find it
Full of corruption, 'tis fit I leave you,
She meets you opportunely from that walk
She took the back door at his parting with her. *Ex Jaſ.*
Alſ. Did my fate wait for this unhappy ſtroke
At my firſt ſight of woman? —— ſhe's here. *Enter Beatrice.*
Bea: *Alſemero!*
Alſ: How do you?
Bea. How do I? Alas! how do you? you look not wel.
Alſ. You read me well enough, I am not well.
Bea. Not well ſir? Is't in my power to better you?

Alſ.

Alſ. Yes.
Bea. Nay, then y'are cur'd again.
Alſ. Pray reſolve me one queſtion, Lady.
Bea. If I can.
Alſ. None can ſo ſure. Are you honeſt?
Bea. Ha, ha, ha, that's a broad queſtion, my Lord.
Alſ. But that's not a modeſt anſwer, my Lady:
Do you laugh? My doubts are ſtrong upon me.
Bea. 'Tis innocence that ſmiles, and no rough brow
Can take away the dimple in her cheek.
Say I ſhould ſtrain a tear to fill the vault,
Which would you give the better faith to?
Alſ. 'Twere but hypocriſie of a ſadder colour,
But the ſame ſtuff, neither your ſmiles nor tears
Shall move or flatter me from my belief,
You are a Whore.
Bea. What a horrid ſound it hath!
It blaſts a beauty to deformity;
Upon what face ſoever that breath falls,
It ſtrikes it ugly: oh you have ruin'd
What you can ne're repair agen.
Alſ. I'le all demoliſh and ſeek out truth within you,
If there be any left, let your ſweet tongue,
Prevent your hearts rifling; there I'e ranſack
And tear out my ſuſpition.
Bea. You may ſir, 'tis an eaſie paſſage, yet if you pleaſe.
Shew me the ground whereon you loſt your love.
My ſpotleſſe vertue may but tread on that
Before I periſh.
Alſ. Unanſwerable,
A ground you cannot ſtand on, you fall down
Beneath all grace and goodneſs, when you ſet
Your tickliſh heel on't; there was a vizor
O're that cunning face, and that became you,
Now Impudence in triumph rides upon't;
How comes this tender reconcilement elſe
'Twixt you and your deſpight, your rankerous loathing
Deflores? He that your eye was ſore at ſight of,
He's now become your arms ſupporter, your lips Saint.

Bea.

Bea. Is there the cauſe?

Alſ. Worſe, your luſts Devill, your adultery.

Bea. Would any but your ſelf ſay that,
'Twould turn him to a villain.

Alſ. 'Twas witneſt by the counſell of your boſome *Diaphanta.*

Bea. Is your witneſs dead then?

Alſ. 'Tis to be fear'd,
It was the wages of her knowledge, poor ſoule,
She liv'd not long after the diſcovery.

Bea. Then hear a ſtory of not much leſs horror,
Then this your falſe ſuſpition is beguild with,
To your beds ſcandal, I ſtand up innocence,
Which even the guilt of one black other deed,
Will ſtand for proof of, your love has made me
A cruell murdreſs.

Alſ. Ha.

Bea. A bloody one.
I have kiſt poyſon for't, ſtroakt a ſerpent,
That thing of hate, worthy in my eſteem,
Of no better imployment, and him moſt worthy
To be ſo imployd; I caus'd to murder
That innocent *Piracquo*, having no
Better means then that worſt, to aſſure
Your ſelf to me.

Alſ. Oh the place it ſelf ere ſince
Has crying been for vengeance, the Temple
Where blood and beauty firſt unlawfully
Fir'd their devotion, and quencht the right one,
'Twas in my fears at firſt, 'twill have it now.
Oh thou art all deform'd.

Bea. Forget not ſir,
It (for your ſake) was done, ſhall greater dangers
Make the leſs welcome?

Alſ. Oh thou ſhouldſt have gone
A thouſand leagues about to have avoided
This dangerous bridge of blood, here we are loſt.

Bea. Remember I am true unto your bed.

Alſ. The bed it ſelfe's a Charnell, the ſheets ſhrowds
For murdered Karkaſſes, it muſt aſk pawſe
What I muſt do in this, mean time you ſhall

Be my prisoner onely, enter my Closet. *Exit Beatrice.*
Ile be your Keeper yet; Oh in what part
Of this sad story shall I first begin? ——Ha
This same fellow has put me in —— *Deflores.*

Enter Deflores.

Def. Noble *Alsemero!*

Alf. I can tell you newes sir, my wife has her commended to you

Def. That's news indeed my Lord, I think she would
Commend me to the gallows if she could,
She ever lov'd me so well, I thank her:

Alf. What's this blood upon your hand *Deflores?*

Def. Blood? No sure, 'twas washt since.

Alf. Since when man?

Def. Since to'ther day I got a knock
In a Sword and Dagger School; I think 'tis out.

Alf. Yes, 'tis almost out, but 'tis perceiv'd tho.
I had forgot my message; this it is,
What price goes murder?

Def. How sir?

Alf. I ask you sir,
My wife's behind hand with you, she tells me,
For a brave bloody blow you gave for her sake
Upon *Piracquo.*

Def. Upon? 'Twas quite through him sure,
Has she confest it?

Alf. As sure as death to both of you,
And much more then that.

Def. It could not be much more,
'Twas but one thing, and that she's a Whore.

Alf. I could not chuse but follow, oh cunning Divels!
How should blind men know you from fair fac'd saints?

Bea. within. He lies, the villain does belye me.

Def. Let me go to her, sir.

Alf. Nay, you shal to her.
Peace crying Crocodile, your sounds are heard,
Take your prey to you, get you into her sir. *Exit Def.*
Ile be your pandor now, rehearse agen
Your Scene of lust, that you may be perfect
When you shall come to act it to the black audience
Where howls and gnashings shall be musick to you.

Clip your adulteresse freely, 'tis the pilot
Will guide you to the *Mare mortuum*,
Where you shall sink to fadoms bottomless.

Enter Vermandero, Alibius, Isabella, Thomazo, Franciscus, and Antonio.

Ver. Oh *Alsemero*. I have a wonder for you
Alf. No sir, 'tis I, I have a wonder for you
Ver. I have suspition here as proof it self
For *Piracquo's* murder.
Alf. Sir, I have proof
Beyond suspition, for *Piracquo's* murder.
Ver. Beseech you hear me, these two have been disgui'd
E're since the deed was done.
he *Alf.* I have two other
That were more close disguis'd then your two could be,
E're since the deed was done.
Ver. You'l hear me, these mine own servants.
Alf. Hear me, those nearer then your servants
That shall acquit them, and prove them guiltless.
Fran. That may be done with easie truth, sir.
Tho. How is my cause bandied through your delaies?
'Tis urgent in blood, and calls for hast;
Give me a brother alive or dead;
Alive, a wife with him, if dead for both.
A recompence for murder and adultery.
Bea. within. Oh, oh, oh.
Alf. Heark, 'tis comming to you.
Def. within. Nay, I'le along for company.
Bea within. Oh, oh.
Ver. What horrid sounds are these?
Alf. Come forth you twins of mischief.

Enter Deflores bringing in Beatrice.

Def. Here we are, if you have any more
To say to us, speak quickly, I shall not,
Give you the hearing else, I am so stout yet,
And so I think that broken rib of mankind.
Ver. An Host of enemies entred my Citadell,
Could not amaze like this, *Joanna, Beatrice, Joanna.*
Bea. O come not neer me sir, I shall defile you,

I am that of your blood was taken from you
For your better health, look no more upon't,
But cast it to the ground regardlesly;
Let the common shewer take it from distinction.
Beneath the starres, upon yon Meteor
Ever hang my fate, mongst things corruptible,
I ne're could pluck it from him; my loathing
Was Prophet to the rest, but ne're beleev'd
Mine honour fell with him, and now my life.
Alsemero, I am a stranger to your bed,
Your bed was coz'ned on the nuptiall night,
For which your falle bride died.
Alsem. Diaphanta!
Def. Yes, and the while I coupled with your mate
At barly-break, now we are left in hell.
Ver. We are all there, it circumscribes here.
Def. I lov'd this woman in spight of her heart,
Her love I earn'd out of *Piracquos* murder.
Tho. Ha, my brothers murtherer.
Def. Yes, and her honors prize
Was my reward, I thank life for nothing
But that pleasure, it was so sweet to me,
That I have drunk up all, left none behinde
For any man to pledge me.
Ver. Horrid Villain!
Keep life in him for further tortures.
Def. No, I can prevent you, here's my penknife still,
It is but one thread more, and now 'tis cut.
Make haste *Joanna* by that token to thee.
Canst not forget so lately put in mind,
I would not goe to leave thee far behind. *Dyes.*
Bea. Forgive me *Alsemero*, all forgive,
'Tis time to die, when 'tis a shame to live. *Dyes.*
Ver. Oh my name is entred now in that record,
Where till this fatall hour 'twas never read.
Alsem. Let it be blotted out, let your heart lose it,
And it can never look you in the face,
Nor tell a tale behind the back of life,
To your dishonor, justice hath so right
The guilty hit, that innocence is quit.

By

By proclamation, and may joy agen.
Sir, you are ſenſible of what truth hath done,
'Tis the beſt comfort that your grief can find.

Tho. Sir, I am ſatisfied, my injuries
Lie dead before me, I can exact no more,
Unleſs my ſoul were looſe, and could ore-take
Thoſe black fugitives, that are fled from thence
To take a ſecond vengeance; but there are wraths
Deeper then mine (tis to be fear'd) about 'em.

Alſ. What an opacous body had that moon:
That laſt chang'd on us? here's beauty chang'd
To ugly whoredom: here ſervant obedience
To a maſter-ſin, imperious murder.
I a ſuppos'd husband chang'd embraces
With wantonneſs, but that was paid before;
Your change is come too, from an ignorant wrath
To knowing friendſhip. Are there any more on's?

Ant. Yes ſir, I was chang'd too, from a little Aſſe as I was, to a great Fool as I am; and had like to ha' been chang'd to the gallows, but that you know my Innocence always excules me.

Fran. I was chang'd from a little wit to be ſtark mad,
Almoſt for the ſame purpoſe.

Iſa. Your change is ſtill behind, but deſerve beſt your transforma-(tion.
You are a jealous Coxcomb, keep Schools of Folly,
And teach your Scholars how to break your own head.

Alib. I ſee all apparent wife, and will change now
Into a better husband, and never keep Scholars
That ſhall be wiſer then my ſelf.

Alſ. Sir, you have yet a ſons duty living,
Pleaſe you accept it, let that your ſorrow
As it goes from your eye, goe from your heart,
Man and his ſorrow at the grave muſt part.

Epilogue

EPILOGUE.

Alſ. *ALL we can doe, to Comfort one another,*
To ſtay a Brothers ſorrow, for a Brother;
To Dry a Child, from the kinde Fathers eyes
Is to no purpoſe, it rather multiplies:
Your only ſmiles have power to cauſe re-live
The Dead agen, or in their Rooms to give
Brother a new Brother, Father a Child;
If theſe appear, All griefs are reconcil'd.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

PLAYES newly Printed.

THe *Wild-gooſe-Chaſe*, a Comedy; written by *Francis Beamont* and *John Fletcher*, Gent'.

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